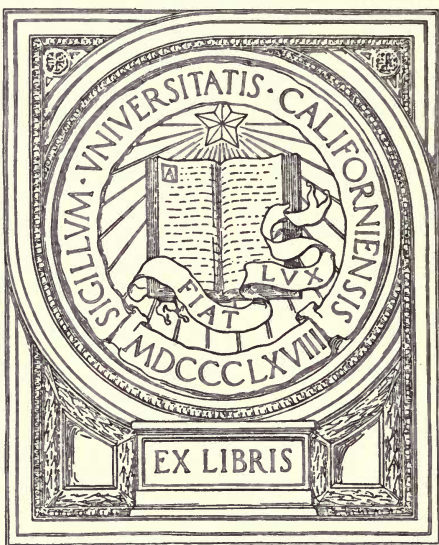




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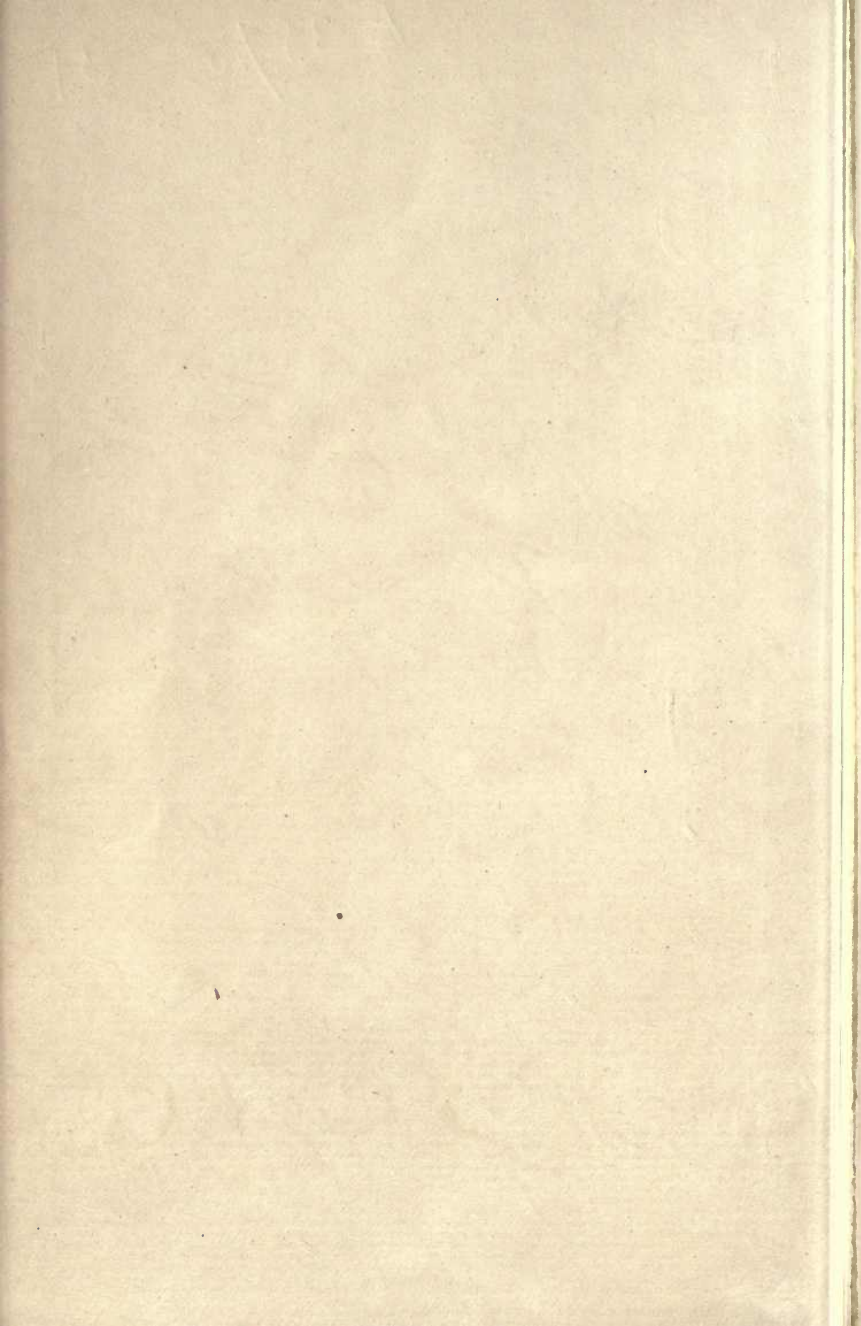
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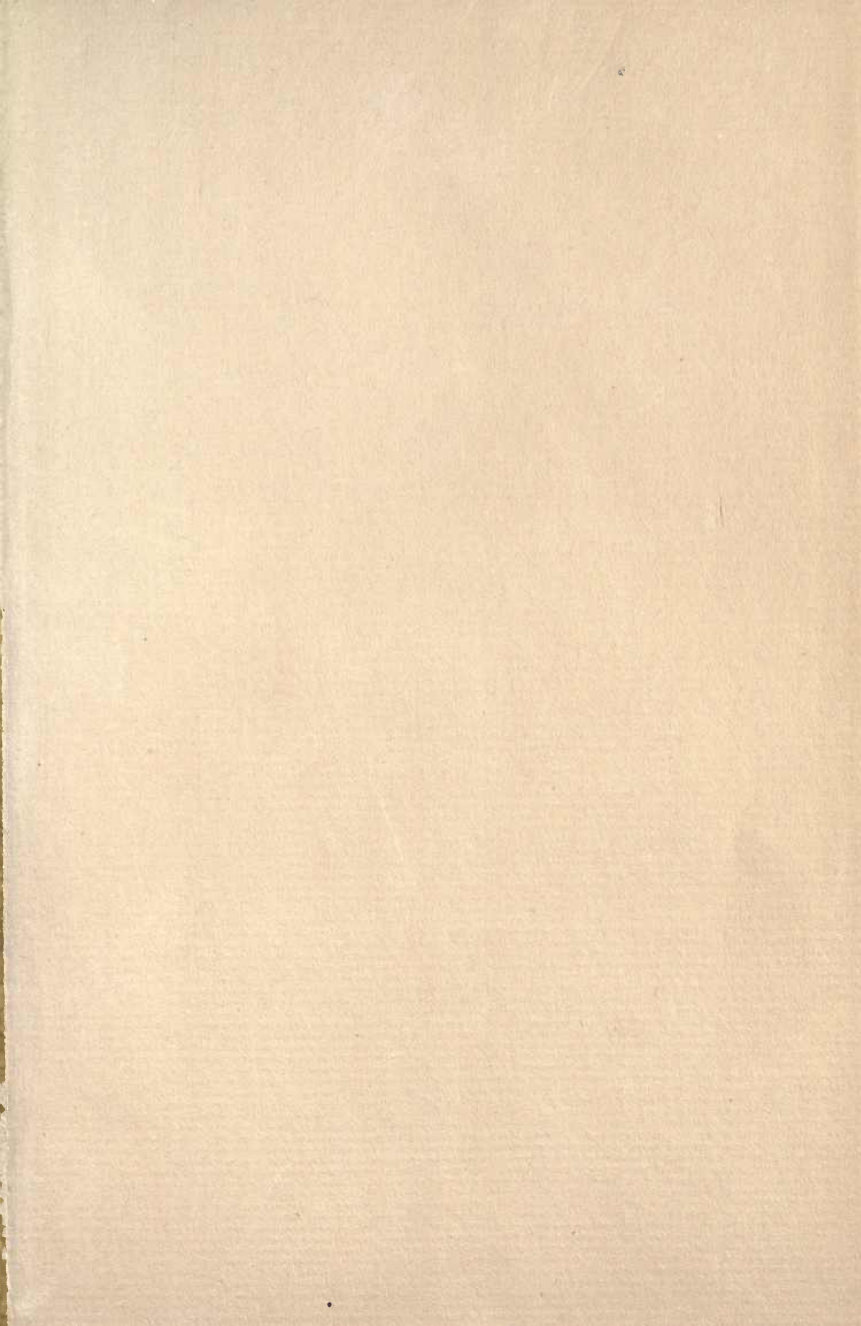
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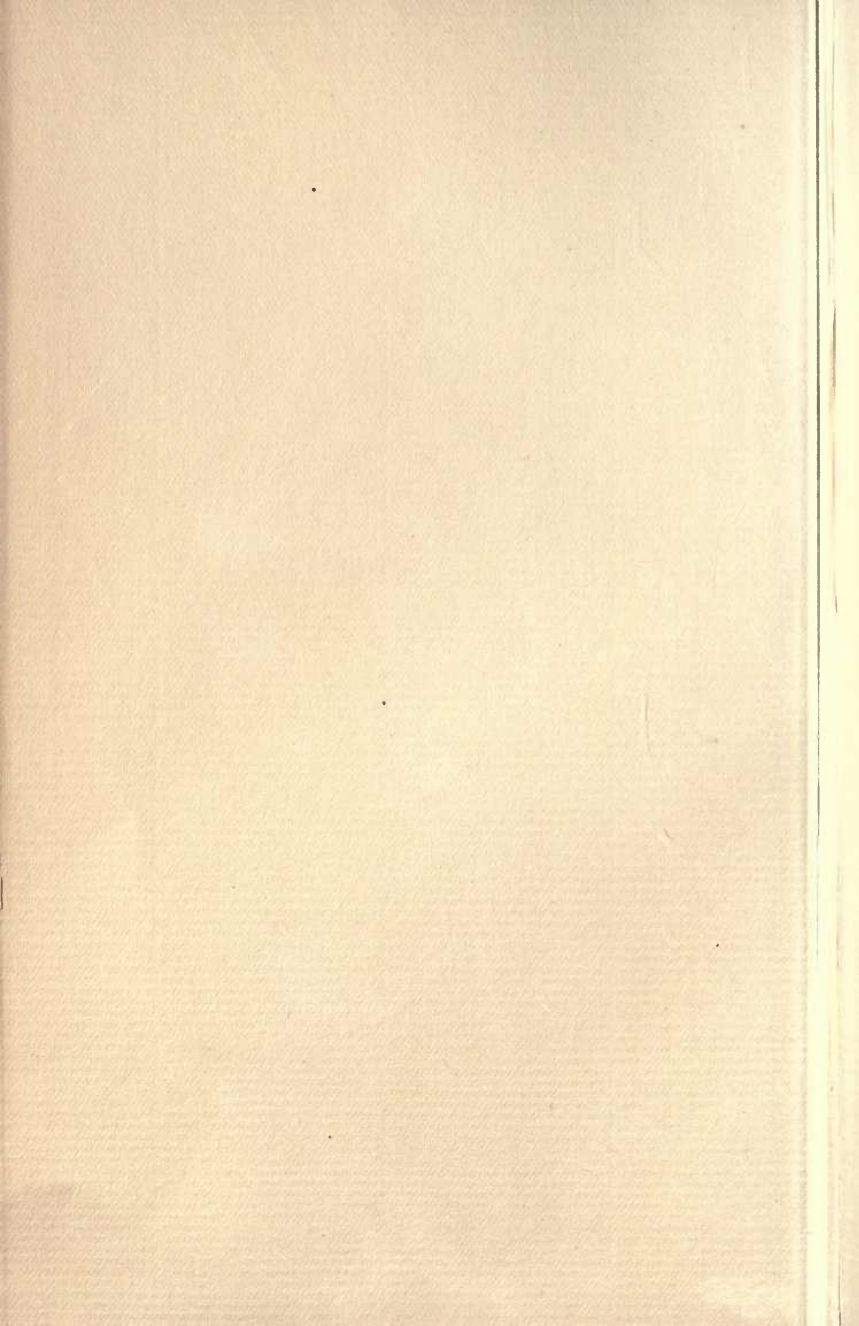


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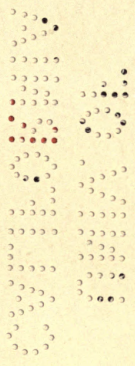


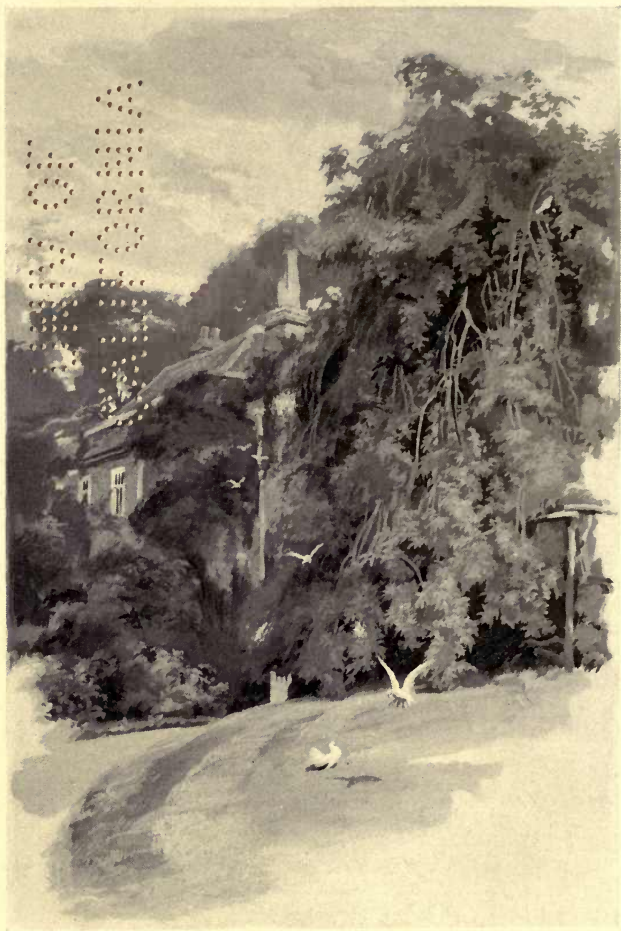




**Garden Mosaics**







The Old House and Garden.



**Garden Mosaics**

Philosophical, Moral, and  
Horticultural

By  
**Alfred Simson**

"Ye bright mosaics that with storied beauty  
The floors of Nature's temple tessellate."...  
Horace Smith.



New York  
**D. Appleton & Co.**  
1903

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GIFT OF

*A. F. Morrison*

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## P R E F A C E

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**A**S I have no literary ability or practise, and know very little about gardening, I suppose I ought to apologize for presenting this crude production to an intelligent public. At all events, I should like to put forth my thoughts and reflections with a demeanor of becoming modesty.

I have never been in the habit of expressing my intimate thoughts and feelings, or of laying bare my soul, and if I did, it would not be fit for the public to gaze upon. But occasionally, like others, I express certain desultory opinions. I am sometimes honest and more often try to be, as far as the exigencies of circumstances allow. On this occasion, at any rate, I have no interest or wish to sail under false colors, and were I to do so some of my readers would be sure to find me out.

I have no confidant but "Nature, the deep-

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## Garden Mosaics

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bosomed," and none but she, therefore, will be able to discern in what I say more than the one or two slight phases of my character which are exhibited. But there are many others, mostly worse.

This little book is not a spontaneous production, but is the result of labor and tribulation, both physical and mental. Some of the views I have expressed are unorthodox, and I am also aware of the fact that they are not original, but are mostly borrowed from or suggested by the thoughts of others.

Having thus introduced the author, I must say a word about the garden. By most competent judges it would be pronounced a very ordinary, little, somewhat ill-kept garden. It has the advantage, however, of being old and of containing a few nice old trees and shrubs, while in form and subdivision it is pleasantly irregular. If I have created the impression that it is a greater and grander domain than it really is, I merely wish to state that such has not been my intention.

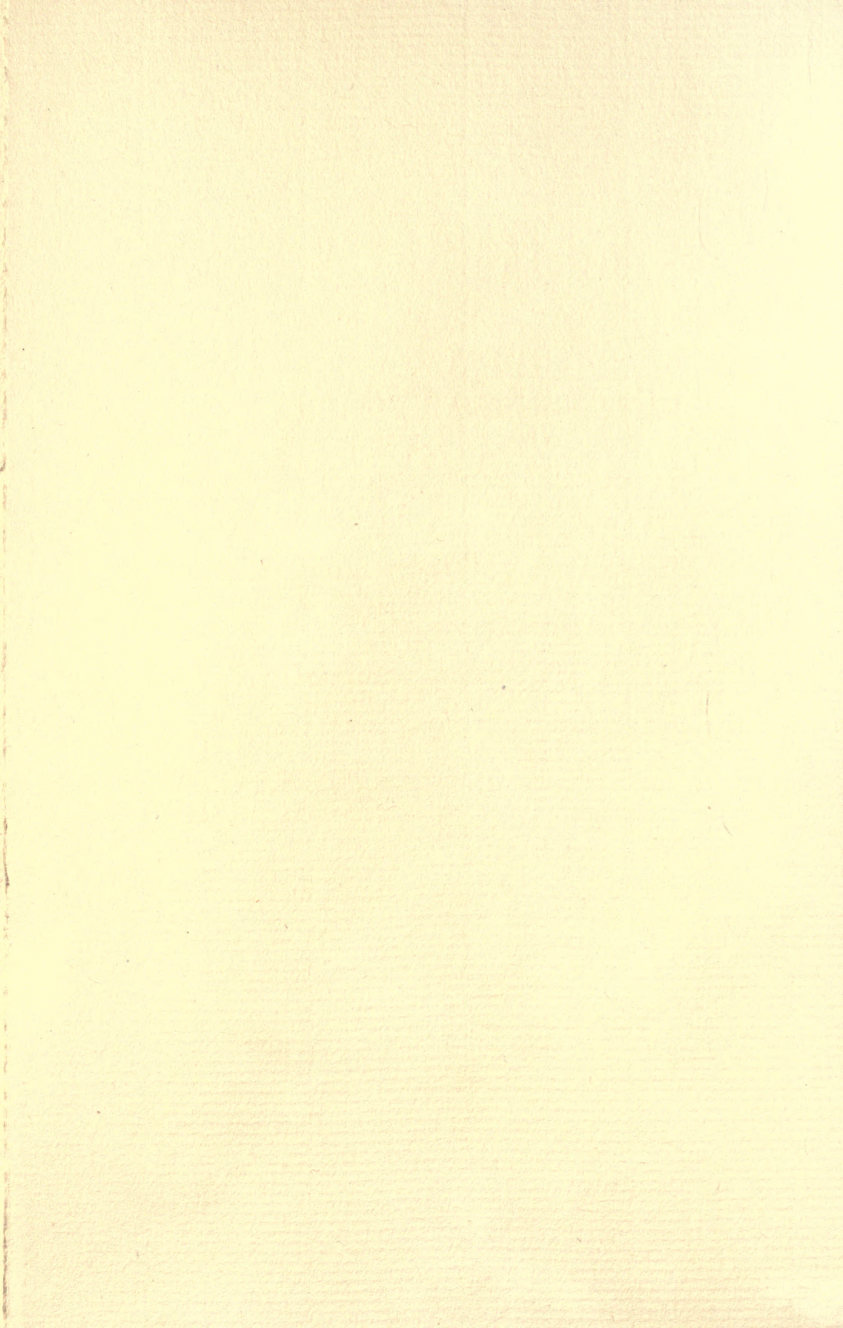
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Day stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation  
And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle as a libation.



## CHAPTER I

### BEAUTIES OF MY GARDEN



THE stars were still shining when I went out of the door, as they generally are when I emerge from the house into the garden on clear mornings in winter.

All was still in the fresh, crisp air, but the sparrows seemed to resent the intrusion of an early riser and fluttered noisily out of the ivy and yews as I passed close to their roosting place.

The ivy on the back of the house, like all else about that edifice, had such a hirsute and ragged appearance that it had to be cut to the bone a year ago, and it has not yet recovered from its close shearing and from a subsequent interference of bricklayers and repairers. The sparrows found their cover so attenuated that they took to the yews for a time; but with the gradual

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## Garden Mosaics

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recovery of growth in the ivy, they are beginning to return to their old home.

I love and encourage all birds except sparrows, who have to be suppressed so that they may not establish the monopoly they hold in so many places where they settle, to the exclusion of more attractive species. The garden abounds with thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, robins, linnets, chaffinches, bullfinches, tits, and wrens, and in the proper season the air is vibrant with the song of nightingales and the soft amorous cooing of doves. In winter the blackbirds and thrushes are the most sociable, and the blue tits revel in a beech close to the southeast corner of the house, its branches being hung like a Christmas-tree with tallow candles and half coconuts\* for their special delectation. The robins, of course, become very tame and friendly from the interested motives which, alas! only too often lie at the root of friendly advances. I do not, like some, however, apostrophize these dainty little feathered friends as "sneaks" be-

\* I spell this word without an "a" as it has nothing to do with "Theobroma cacao."



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## Beauties of My Garden

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cause they approach me more frequently and nearer when they are hungry and want food. It is human nature, and evidently bird nature too.

What a lot of human nature there is in man! By which I mean man in his generic symbolization, "embracing woman," and how often is the fact ignored. It (human nature) explains and accounts for much that is misunderstood, and legislators, political, social, and domestic, should always keep it uppermost in their minds, as they themselves also do not fail to demonstrate its influence. Man is human, and above all a human animal, not rational, as we like to describe him, but "rationis capax"; that is to say, capable of acting on reason in favorable circumstances. His sentiment is at best but partially controlled and modified by reason, and where sentiment is strong, reason is swept away and the faculty of its exercise temporarily ceases to exist.

The robins, moreover, in spite of this inter-  
polation on man, gave substantial evidence of disinterested sociability by building their nests in summer, when they asked and expected nothing, close to the house where I almost brushed

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## Garden Mosaics

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against them many times a day. One little nest was so low in the short brushwood on the stem of an old yew that even Timmy, the rough-haired terrier, sometimes peeped in to see if the baby robins were agreeing in their little nest. For birds in their little nests do not always agree—proverbs notwithstanding.

No one can be really said to love his garden who does not love it in winter. A fine-weather love is like a fine-weather friend, the prostitution of a sacred name: the friend is no friend and the love is no love at all.

Winter in a garden is the season of promise, of hope, and of anxious expectation, and who can say that the objects of our hopes and anxieties are not as interesting and engaging to our faculties as their fulfilment; that is to say, when they cease any longer to be hopes and anxieties. Realization of hopes may give, and sometimes does give, serener pleasure, but it seldom preoccupies the intellect so completely or so long as the hopes themselves. And then there are the failures, or realizations of the anxieties, to take into the account.

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## Beauties of My Garden

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It is a long time to wait through all the winter months to realize the hopes and anxieties which have been planted in the soil in the autumn. If one's solicitude is equal in volume upon each separate object within its purview, as I suppose it must more or less be, to what dimensions must not the aggregate attain when the units are impartially dealt out in thousands?

In the beds under the windows on the south and west of the house hundreds of tulips and hyacinths have been inserted. The tulips are all mixed, as they look much brighter and gayer than when sorted in colors. In the herbaceous borders, most of them backed or centered by shrubs, chiefly evergreen, are irises, Spanish, German, English, Japanese, and *reticulata*, anemones of various descriptions, daffodils, narcissi, ixias, foxgloves, lilies, campanulas, montbretias, ranunculi, delphiniums, and many other plants and bulbs. The borders round the lawns are all lined with mixed crocuses, and quantities of these, with snowflakes, daffodils, snowdrops, and scillas, have been put in the grass wherever there are untrodden corners, and around trees.

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## Garden Mosaics

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In the paddock I have planted quantities of the same bulbs in the grass together with grape hyacinths, fritillarias, chionodoxas, dog's-tooth violets, and other things, all pell-mell; and under a long line of hedge, anemones have been inserted between the stems of the hawthorn. Another and very ragged hedge on one side of the paddock has been "mended" with sweetbriers, crimson ramblers, and honeysuckle. Some copper beech, crab-apple, mountain ash, double pink cherry, with rhododendrons and other shrubs, have been filled into gaps in the shrubberies. The garden is an old one, and has been much neglected for years past.

I have also planted out a lot of roses, and am determined to make *Maréchal Niel* flourish in the open. I am the more emboldened to this as when I took possession of the house, the previous tenant, who had allowed a beautiful old garden to run to seed and weed in every part of it, had planted a rose of this variety in miserable soil against the wall of a coach-house in the back-yard, facing another building, where it got next to no sun and was exposed to the

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## Beauties of My Garden

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coldest north winds of winter, funneled through the space it occupied. It had been there for some years and—lived!

I have planted one by a small porch on the south side of the house, where it should do well, and another in an exposed position on a higher elevation. I have sought to temper the winter wind by means of a piece of matting.

The “gentle reader” may thus gather that the aggregate of my hopes and anxieties is probably greater and will be of longer duration than the pleasure of realization of the former—minus the failures.

It occurs to me that this chapter had “Day-Stars” for its text, and I have said nothing about them beyond a cursory allusion to the stars of the firmament in the early morning in winter. The most beautiful day-stars in the shape of flowers I have ever seen may be found in *Ipomœa rubro-cœrulea*, but it can only be seen in its glory in the tropics. In one of the tropical gardens I have had there was a trellis, some 120 to 150 feet long and 8 feet high, which for nearly two months on end each year used to be covered in

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## Garden Mosaics

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a dense mass with these magnificent and heavenly flowers. No leaves were visible, and every morning a fresh relay of flowers opened to the dawn, those of the previous day hiding behind them and falling off with the reddish tint which I suppose gave rise to the compound Latin name of the species.

This is a true day-star, only the coloring is exactly reversed from that of the night stars. The golden light of day robbed from the latter brings forth on the ipomœa countless constellations of the purest, densest heavenly blue, the exquisite beauty of which in a large mass must be imagined, for at all events I have not words wherewith to paint its glories. I can only say it compelled the admiration of all who have ever seen it, be their soul never so dead or dull to the beauties of nature.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam  
Im Norden auf kahler Höh'.  
Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke  
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,  
Die fern im Morgenland  
Eisam und schweigend trauert  
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

Heine.

A fir-tree stands there lonely  
Where northern blizzards blow.  
He slumbers: a silver mantle  
Enshrouds him in ice and snow.

His dreams are of a palm-tree  
Who far in torrid zone  
In silence droops and sorrows  
On sweltering crag alone.





## CHAPTER II

### THOUGHTS THAT COME



SOMETIMES I think the garden is even more beautiful in its winter garb than in its gala dress of summer. I know I have thought so more than once when every leaf and branch was clothed with a pure garment of snow, so light as not to hide the grace of form. But nothing, it seems to me, could ever transcend the exquisite beauty of the vegetation when on one occasion a sharp frost followed a very wet fog. The mist driven by the wind had imparted a coating of fresh moisture, evenly distributed, over and under every leaf and twig *inside* the trees and shrubs as well as outside. The light coating then froze and left every innermost twig resplendent with delicate white crystals. It was quite different from an ordinary frost or a fall of snow, beautiful as are frequently the effects of these. But

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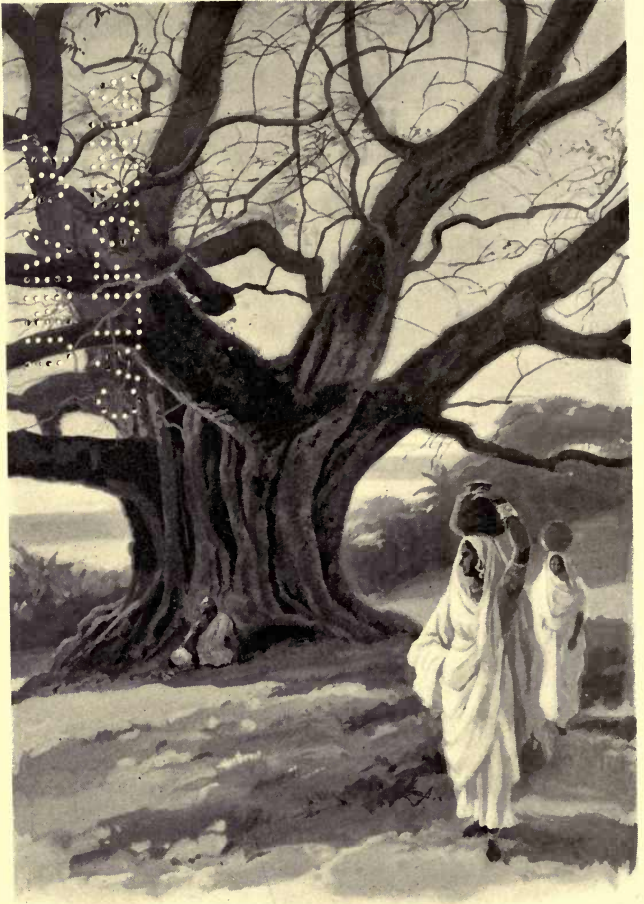
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the glory of the scene reached its climax when the sun came out and the thicket scintillated from the center as well as from its external surface.

Its dazzling splendor, however, could not last, and the glistening and enchanted spectacle gradually melted away before the greater and more glorious life-giving presence of "God's lidless Eye." This gorgeous scene, however, has always dwelt in my memory, and figures as the most glowing aspect a garden can assume at any season of the year.

But, even without such adventitious aids as snow or frost, the garden is engaging in its winter attire. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most; but then it must be beauty. I do not wish to go to extremes and worship the bare straight wands of a scraggy unclothed bush whose nakedness is only tolerable because of the alluring toilettes it dons at other seasons. What, however, can be more fascinating than many a nude tree, the sturdy strength of the anatomy of the oak and the lithe grace of the beech and the birch? I have in my mind's eye two other splen-





Under One of these Trees Sat the Buddha.

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## Thoughts That Come

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did examples, and there are many more. One is a magnificent elm in the corner of the lawn, whose symmetry and grace of structure I never cease to admire when it is leafless, with the massive strength of its stem and primary branches and the delicate and feathery tracery in the arrangement of its countless little twigs spread out against the sky. Another beautiful leafless tree in its vast expansion toward the light is the peepul-tree of India, the *Ficus religiosa*. I am fortunately able to reproduce a photograph of one of these beautiful trees taken some years ago by a friend, whose enlargement of it made a most attractive picture. It was under one of these trees that nearly 2,500 years ago is said to have sat, wrestling with the demons of temptation, Gautama, the Buddha, the man whose teaching and beneficent influence has swayed a larger number of the human race than any one either before or after him. Even to this day his followers probably represent a greater proportion of the population of the earth than any other religion, and, including the followers of Brahmanism, whose religion owes some of its best phases

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## Garden Mosaics

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to the same source, the influence of his example and discipline may be said to sway more than half the entire population of the globe.

It always seems to me that the only reason why the wisdom of Gautama has not been accepted and practised more widely and more strictly is simply that his philosophy is too high for poor weak human nature, I will not say to grasp, but to hold permanently. We can all grasp the truth that desire can not be controlled and quenched by its satisfaction, but only by its limitation; but who can hold to this truth and go on practising fresh limitations continually till the Nirvana of perfect peace, the cessation of desire, is attained?

Great trees which rise and spread their shape-ly arms toward the sky, whether in leaf and blossom or unclothed, always recall to my memory the beautiful poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Under the Violets:

At last the little rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.  
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

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## Thoughts That Come

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How much better to have one's body clasped by the tender little rootlets and one's soul raised aloft, its essence fragrantly diffused toward heaven, than to be put into a cold vault in a leaden box, or cremated!

Then, think in winter of all the bulbs and roots sleeping in their wholesome and fresh earthen bed. One sees how comfortable they are when one happens, as occurs now and then inadvertently, to disturb them in their slumber. How cozy and healthy the little bulbs look with their fresh pale green shoots emerging from their shell ready to break through the soil toward the light, to expand their treasured beauties in the open air when the cold of winter has passed away.

We are in the middle of December, and as the weather is cold the roses have had their winter capes thrown over their shoulders. I have planted a number of new ones, and these, like many others which are in positions exposed to the northeast wind, will no doubt be more comfortable and respond to the care that is taken of them better if the cold blast is partially warded from

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## Garden Mosaics

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them. The cape consists of a flat bunch of yew tied over the neck of the plant.

The sweet peas, too, which were sown in October and are shooting above ground, have now also been protected. Last year the October sowing answered very well with the result that my first crop of these fragrant and beautiful flowers came very early.

How many things have failed, though? It is true we learn through our mistakes; but how tediously and how slowly! It usually takes us a lifetime to know that we have sipped but a teaspoonful from the inexhaustible ocean of knowledge and that we have not even digested that small dose properly.

To give a homely personal instance, my head, like that, I am given to understand, of most married men, is of an irregular configuration, and hats shaped for it invariably relapse, a short time after their purchase, into the usual oval (by which I mean egg-shaped) ellipse and compress my more highly developed bumps, which I must assume a phrenological investigation would show to be good ones. It took me over thirty years



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## Thoughts That Come

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to hit upon the plan of having a wooden form constructed to match the plane of the orbit of that portion of my skull which is designed by nature, besides growing hair, for carrying a hat rim. Both these objects it had previously not fulfilled to my satisfaction. Now I transfer the pressure, discomfort, and headaches to the block of wood, and when this has extracted them completely from the hat, I wear it.

Could anything be more simple, and why should I have taken thirty years to find it out.

My cranial protuberances of benevolence, sensibility, amiability, etc., as I presume them to be in the absence of expert phrenological opinion to the contrary, are thus no longer constricted as they were before, and can expand more freely.

I never knew the cause of some of my physical discomforts and moral deficiencies till I made this discovery, which must be sound and not mere theory, as it is evidenced by the practical proof that I feel less evilly disposed toward my neighbor when I have a comfortable hat on

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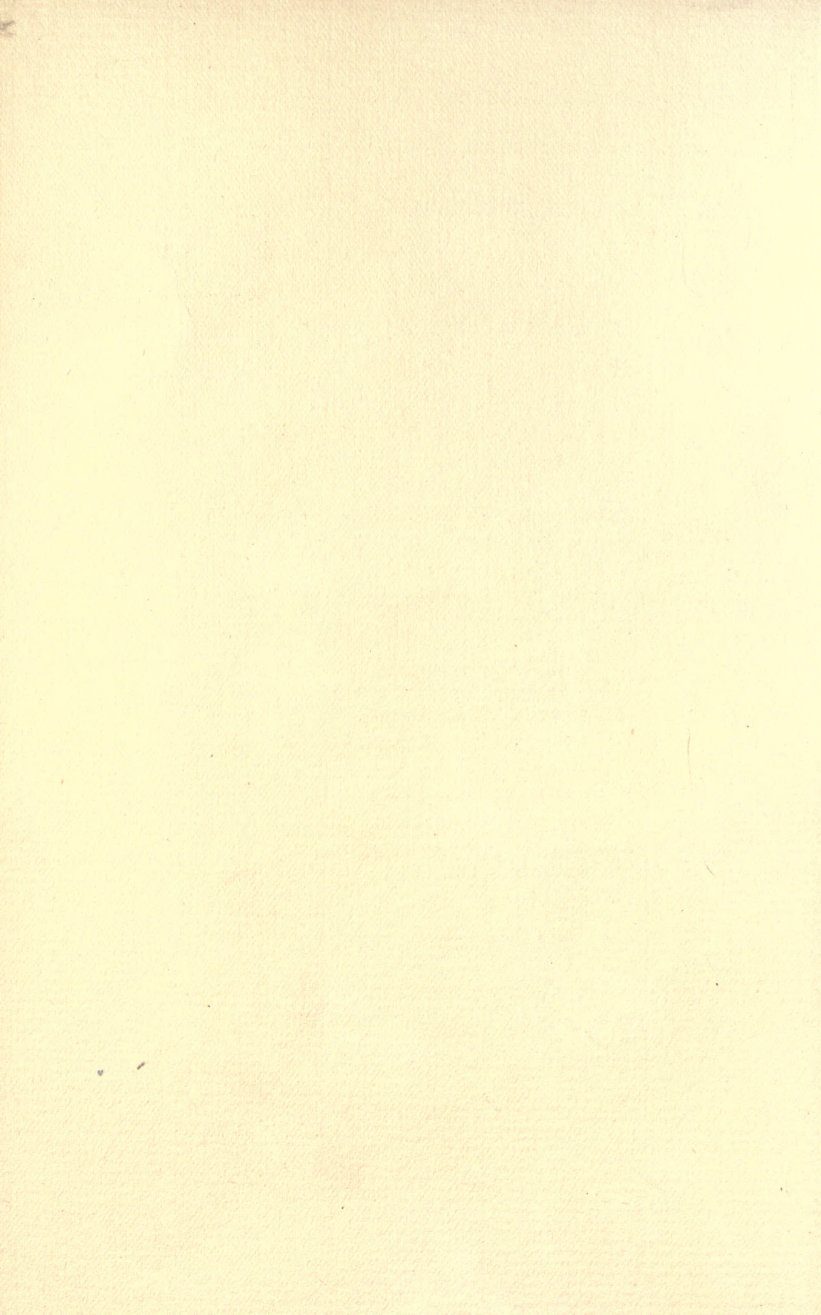
than with one which does not allow my bumps full play.

I offer my readers this recipe gratis for their boots where it may be of similar soothing service.

Steht ein Baum im schönen Garten  
Und ein Apfel hängt daran  
Und es ringelt sich am Aste  
Eine Schlange, und ich kann  
Von den süßen Schlangenaugen  
Nimmer wenden meinen Blick,  
Und Das zischelt so verheissend,  
Und Das lockt wie holdes Glück!

Heine.

A tree stands in a beauteous garden  
And an apple hangs thereon,  
And there resting in the branches  
Twines a serpent, and upon  
Those sweet magic serpent glances  
Must I rivet fast my gaze:  
Something whispers so entrancing,  
Lures me in a blissful haze.



## CHAPTER III

### WOMEN AND GARDENS



**C**HARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in his charming little book, *My Summer in a Garden*, which I always, rightly or wrongly, look upon as the pioneer among the more recent light garden literature, perhaps because it was the first book of its kind I read, now a good many years ago, says: "Woman always made a muss in a garden." It is quite clear he can not have read Elizabeth, Miss Jekyll, or Mrs. Earle, or he could never have made such a statement without naming his exceptions. I am sure no one can say those ladies made a "muss," whatever that may be, in a garden.

I suppose Mr. Warner refers to our mother Eve, who undoubtedly flirted with the serpent, while he was probably handsome and walking erect before his curse; but after all, Eve's con-

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duct seems to me quite natural, as the serpent was the first who spoke to her, and possibly even whispered in her ear! He seems to have appeared on the scene before Ithuriel and Zephon, who might otherwise have been preferred with vastly different consequences to the human race.

Eve's curiosity, a quality which woman was formerly supposed to possess in a strong degree, was no doubt aroused, and she wanted to know what a chat with an erect serpent would be like. He proved, it seems clear, an adept, since he opened the conversation, not like the clever Scotchman with a repartee, but on the subject of the forbidden. This is always a dangerous subject, and for that reason an attractive one. Eve fell into temptation, and for my own part I have not yet been able to discern what temptation was made for unless it was to be fallen into. I am aware the view exists that it is placed in our way in order to test and strengthen our character. As a test of character, however, it seems to me to fail. To avoid temptation and give it the go-by is pure evidence of weakness and nothing else, and the practise of

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## Women and Gardens

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ineptitude can not possibly be fortifying. Our mental and physical faculties were made for use, and, the great scheme of evolution shows us, for development also—not for abuse, though, be it clearly understood. But to discuss in this chapter the immense advantage to be gained by the exercise of moderation would lead me too far away. I may come back to it later on if something else in the course of these scattered thoughts suggests the subject to me again.

What I have never understood is why we are always taught that Adam and Eve were turned out of the Garden of Eden because they ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and were thus guilty of disobedience. I find every one I have questioned has been so taught, and that there has been nothing unusual in my instruction; but in vain have I sought a satisfactory reply to my demand for authority. The ground was cursed, and our disobedient first parents were cursed for having eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; but that was not the direct ground of their banishment from the garden, the reason very clearly

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## Garden Mosaics

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and explicitly stated in the third chapter of Genesis being quite a different one.

The society Eve of the present day, I take it, does not make a "muss" in the garden, whatever she may do elsewhere. But I wish I knew what a "muss" is, so that I might find out where she does make it and ascertain what it is like. Perhaps, after all, it is a good thing to do, and is virtuous and commendable, and for aught I know, Mr. Warner may have been paying womanhood a compliment in saying they "made a muss." When he observed that "nature was awful smart," he said he meant to be complimentary; so, perhaps, his intentions were similar in this case. But, however that may be, I think it will be safer for me at once to repudiate all responsibility for possibly misinterpreting a word I do not understand or know the meaning of.

All the same, I have arrived at the conclusion that the woman who does not "make a muss in a garden" is a product of quite recent times.

One Society Eve I know looks upon the development for the table of two fat mushrooms under an ash-tree as of much more absorbing interest



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## Women and Gardens

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than the blooming of *Senateur Vaisse*, *L'Idéal* or *Marie van Houtte*; and another, when once on an occasion I pointed out admiringly some pans tessellated with a gorgeous variety of gay portulacas, told me she considered them "footly little things," an adjective I must presume to be commendatory, as I have not succeeded in discovering in the authorities any contrary signification to it.

Among the various *Clematis* I have planted is one called the "Duchess of Albany." It is one of the hybrids of *Coccinea*, the wild Mexican species. Its growth on the west side of the house has been all that could be desired, for in half the time it has entirely outstripped a vigorous plant of *Jackmanni* which climbs alongside it. It flowered fairly profusely and continued in blossom till well on in the autumn, but its blooms took more after its parent *Coccinea* than *Jackmanni*, being an erect half-closed bell, something in the shape of a *campanula*, of a striated, rather insipid, pink color. I was looking forward with the most pleasurable anticipation and excitement to the efflorescence of my pink *Clematis*; but now I wonder when I think

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## Garden Mosaics

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of it as compared with the beautiful large *Jackmanni* varieties, rich in color, and bold in design, whether I should be sufficiently complimentary if I apostrophized it "a footly little thing."

In this chapter I seem to have been talking almost more about woman than about the garden; but after all woman is indissolubly mixed up with the garden, which she usually directs as she does most other things, and in the end we must acknowledge that she is either the rose or the violet of society if not of the garden. A great and clever man once summed up to me in two words the culmination of his experience as to the treatment of woman: "Thwart her," he said. The prescription may or may not be a good and chastening one. It would in any case have to be administered with great tact and much gilding. I do not, however, wish to discuss it, as it is not in my line, though I must plead guilty to thinking sometimes with another great man that "woman is an unreasoning being who pokes the fire from the top."

Metaphorically this is quite true, for the simple reason that woman is swayed much more by senti-

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## Women and Gardens

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ment than man is. Her sympathies preclude her from a due sense of justice; but she is not alone in the common human weakness of sympathy for the criminal, if he is only bad enough, instead of for the victims he has wronged.

Let us, however, be thankful that she is as she is, and try to make the best of ourselves and our gardens.

It is foolish of me to have allowed myself to make any remarks about so complicated a subject as woman; but what is said is said and I propose in this chronicle to record whatever comes into my head, as I write, on any subject.



The truth-seeker is the only God-seeker.

“S.”

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,  
Or any searcher know by mortal mind,  
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be  
Veil upon veil behind.

Edwin Arnold.



## CHAPTER IV

### RELIGION



ALTHOUGH I love my garden in winter as well as in summer, from the fact that there is so much less daylight at this season, I am, of course, able to spend less time in it. The longer evenings indoors give more opportunity for reading than does the summer, when one begrudges every moment spent in the house. A short while ago I found time to read *The Soul of a People*, by Fielding, and I have now read his sequel to it, entitled *The Hearts of Men*.

These two books are the most interesting ones I have read for many a long day and I commend their perusal to reflective persons; but I must make some remarks on them. The latter book opens with a number of definitions of religion by different writers and toward the end the author gives three definitions of his own. Of the others only one seems to me at all satisfactory.

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## Garden Mosaics

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It is by Max Müller, who says: "Religion is the perception of the infinite," which is no doubt correct as far as it goes, only—does it go far enough, and is it complete enough for a full definition? The subject is of such momentous importance and of such intense interest to the entire human race that I am sure a more or less comprehensive definition is needed. I am not a voracious reader of theology and may thus not be aware of many excellent definitions which have been propounded. What I say, therefore, is set down in all deference.

Fielding's first definition is: "Religion is the recognition and cultivation of our highest emotions, of our more beautiful instincts, of all that we know is best in us." Now this seems to me quite wrong. Religion may involve all these things; but it can not be said that it is itself the recognition and cultivation of what is best in us, and what is best must always be to some extent a matter of opinion and convention. Even the first of my propositions can only apply to some of us and to some religions. Our author expressly states that he deals with religion generally,



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true or false, and seeks a common ground for all, a condition surely not met by his definition. It would not be difficult, but perhaps is unnecessary here, to quote examples or cases to prove this.

His second definition is: "Religion is the satisfaction of some of the wants of the souls of men." This is childish. You might as well define the practise of any virtue, art, any intellectual enjoyment, the love of gain, or even food or drink, in the same words. An effect is again mistaken for a state of being, and a *causa causans* is classed as its consequence.

The third definition runs: "Religion is the music of the infinite echoed in the hearts of men." This, of course, is metaphorical, and poetical if you like. It is no doubt a good "imaginative idealization," but not a clear definition which can enable us better to understand with our reasoning faculties what religion really is. It is, however, the only one of the three definitions, albeit vague and parabolical, which comes near the truth. It would have been still nearer, it appears to me, had it been expressed as: "The pulsations of the human heart vibrating into infinity."

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## Garden Mosaics

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The Hearts of Men opens with the following quotation from Anon: "The difficulty of framing a correct definition of religion is very great. Such a definition should apply to nothing but religion, and should differentiate religion from anything else—as, for example, from imaginative idealization, art, morality, philosophy. It should apply to everything which is naturally and commonly called religion; to religion as a subjective spiritual state, and to all religions, high or low, true or false, which have obtained objective historical realization."

Do Fielding's definitions comply with these requirements, the soundness of which can not be questioned? I think not. His best definition, and that of Max Müller also, must, I fear, be classed as "imaginative idealizations."

Before going further I wish to postulate two things: First, the imperfection of our senses, and, secondly, that all religions, so-called true or false, whether based on pure ascetic philosophy or on the crudest superstition and ignorance, are virtually an attempt to solve the connection of humanity with the hereafter and the unknown. The

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unknowable future, after life is extinct, I think it will be acknowledged is the essence of religion.

As regards our senses, which we must analyze in order that we may see clearly what our means of understanding a difficult problem are, we must remember that they consist really of only one sense, and that a very material one. It is the sense of touch or contact, in progressive degrees of refinement.

First—Touch.

Second—Taste, or the appreciation and distinction of finer particles.

Third—Smell, or the appreciation of still finer particles.

Fourth—Hearing, or the appreciation of the impact of sound-waves.

Fifth—Sight, or the appreciation of the impact of the much finer vibrations of light.

We have no other means or apparatus for receiving or collecting impressions, and this apparatus consists of a series of instruments, namely, "feelers," of a very imperfect nature, however marvelous we may consider them to be. They are connected with and constitute the scouts and

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sentinels of another wonderful instrument, the brain, where every impression they convey is stored for conscious or unconscious use. The assimilation of all these impressions of material facts results in the exercise of what we call the reasoning faculty. This faculty may elaborate and build up theories and abstract ideas; but these all emanate originally from the same source, material contact of the sense of touch with material objects. In these circumstances can we wonder if we fail to grasp such a subject as infinity, which does not manifest itself either as matter or force and which it is quite beyond the power of our instruments to gage. Until our powers are further developed and refined we must regard such things as "behind the veil," and wait in patience for further light and more extended means of understanding. In the meantime, humanity, whose first instinct is self-preservation, fears extinction in a vague, untutored way. There is, however, as far as we know, no reason to apprehend extinction either of matter or force; but with regard to the *individuality* of living organisms, simple or complex, the case is different.

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*There is no evidence to give us any ground to suppose that complex individuality is anything but an ephemeral condition.* Throughout the great scheme of evolution we see of what small importance is the individual. He is nothing, and may be, and is, continually sacrificed in the interest of the progress of the community. Individual to race, race to species, species to genus, genus perhaps to families and orders and so on.

This being the case, what justification have we for exaggerating the importance of human individuality and arrogating to it a position so much higher than the evidence appreciable to our senses warrants? For my own part I am content to accept a much humbler position in the vast design of the universe and to submissively acknowledge that if the whole of the human race were swept away to-morrow the boundless plan would not be thereby in any way materially affected.

With these remarks I proceed to give my definitions of religion, in the construction of which I have endeavored to follow the broad conditions laid down for such a purpose. I give several defi-

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nitions, but, though differing in words, they are virtually all of the same purport:

1. The struggle of man to account for the unknown.

2. The endeavor of a finite mind to place itself in touch with infinity.

3. The effort of humanity to assign to itself a permanent place in the scheme of the universe.

4. The craving of the reasoning faculty to construct an identification of humanity with what follows the dissolution of its individuality in an infinity which is beyond its comprehension.

5. The conscious or unconscious striving of the human intellect to explain the eternity which succeeds the cessation of conscious individuality and its attempt to establish personal and eternal relationship with infinity.

Religion disturbs the mind comparatively little in regard to the origin of all things (of being, of matter, or of force) or to the infinity which precedes individual conscious existence.

Savage, in his absorbing book, *The Religion of Evolution*, quotes from an unknown author, "S": "Here we are, finite minds in the midst

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of infinity. And, for the finite that is moving toward infinity, there is nowhere a place to anchor, but only the privilege and the opportunity of endless exploration.”





Ich weiss nicht in wen die Rose verliebt ;  
Ich aber lieb' euch all' ;  
Rose, Schmetterling, Sonnenstrahl,  
Abendstern und Nachtigall !

Heine.

I know not on whom the rose is so sweet ;  
But my love shall not fail  
To rose and butterfly, sunbeam bright,  
Starlight and nightingale.



## CHAPTER V

### GARDEN TEMPTATIONS



ONE of the pleasantest occupations of the—shall I call him “hortophil,” or would that be too horrible? I mean one who loves his garden, and for ordinary use I want one word for it and “gardener” does not meet the case. Writing is a work of great trouble to me, as my hand refuses to guide a pen fluently and I am therefore frequently impelled to seek short-cut expressions. What I was going to say was that one of the pleasantest occupations of the garden lover in the long winter evenings is the contemplation and study of the nurseryman’s catalogues. Some of these annual illustrated price-lists issued by our English seedsmen are publications of extraordinary beauty and artistic finish, and in them we feast our eyes on the most perfectly grown specimens of every attractive flower which the heart

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of man can desire. One's longing to acquire specimens of each lovely plant described and depicted in each successive catalogue that arrives becomes so pressing that one can not shake it off. One's spirit cries for the beloved objects by day and dreams of them by night:

“Quien pasa las noches sonando con tigo y pasa los días llorando por ti.”

Temptation, thy name is Nurseryman's Catalogue! And if ever a temptation was made to be fallen into it is this one. Whoever takes up one of these irresistible, illustrated catalogues is foredoomed to buy, whether he can afford it or not. Such a consideration is of no consequence. I am naturally strong myself, in the absence of temptation; and being strong I do not give it the go-by when it presents itself before me. The more alluring its garb the more determined do I become not to be weak and evade it. I close with it and if it is stronger than I am, it engulfs me. Human nature can do no more.

I also often practise petty economies, which, though reputed virtuous, is a much more expensive luxury than buying plants one has no room

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## Garden Temptations

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for and can not afford. The saving of sixpence on three or four occasions successively I find always results in a moral elation which nothing less than the needless outlay of a sovereign can assuage.

The deduction I make from this and from other kindred experiences is that there is no virtue in being always virtuous. The virtue becomes so thick that one finds himself in the position of one who from always walking barefooted contracts protecting callosities on his feet. One must wear shoes that are taken off periodically to keep one's sole tender.

Predestination to succumb to the temptation of Seedsman's catalogue recalls Omar Khayyam to my mind:

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the path I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with predestination too  
Enmesh, and then account my fall a sin!

Oh Thou, who man of baser clay didst make  
And who with Eden didst devise the snake,  
For all the ill wherewith the face of man  
Is blackened—man's forgiveness give and take.

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## Garden Mosaics

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I can forgive some of my plants for their unintended lapses and breaches of convention. Two or three anemones last year each had a couple of flowers on them from November all through the winter and this year they are doing likewise. A *polyanthus* and a *hepatica* have also been in flower since November, and as I write we are in Christmas week. How cheering it is to see even an isolated flower in the open at this season of the year in England!

I have put out for early flowering a bed, a small one, of hepaticas all by themselves, another good-sized one of polyanthus, and a third of forget-me-nots, which should, in their pure, sweet blue, look quite charming in a mass. The hepaticas, too, are such pretty welcome little flowerets, blooming as they do in frost and snow when there is so little bright coloring otherwise to be seen. All three plants named, moreover, are so truly serviceable, and may be described when the spring bedding-out season comes in like the empty bottles which are called Marines, "They have done their duty and are ready to do it again." They have only to be laid away in the ground

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## Garden Temptations

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in some corner till the following autumn, when they are ready again to perform their duties afresh and cheer us with their bright looks.

When we are accustomed to the usual profusions of daily life even an isolated joy like a single flower in winter is a real pleasure. It is profusion that kills all the enjoyment of life, the secret of which is moderation. If one could only always be on one's guard and stop short of satiety! When once the demon of satiety takes possession true enjoyment is gone. Our motto should be "always to get up from the table of pleasure hungry." To satiate an appetite is not only to destroy it for the time being, but on each occasion to blunt its edge for future use, till after a short time its keenness becomes increasingly and irretrievably dulled. We know this and realize its truth; but how many of us, in the mad race for saturation of enjoyment, can make it a rule to be strictly adhered to?

My *petunias* had produced in the autumn a number of self-sown seedlings which looked fresh and strong when the parent was dying in their midst, like the little scorpions I have seen eating their

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mother. I had some of them potted off and put under glass, where they seem to be doing well. I am now wondering when they will flower, and whether they will justify the experiment.

A good many violets are in bloom, not only the Parma ones in a frame, but also the common ones out in the open. Last year some patches blossomed so freely that the ground looked quite blue with them. I have seldom seen them flower so profusely before, except in fields in Switzerland, and their behavior was not at all in keeping with the character for modesty which they universally enjoy. They did not hesitate to flaunt their charms in the most demonstrative and unblushing manner.

An occasional lapse of weakness of this description, however, according to the theory just propounded, can not be regarded as vice. The most immaculate and unassailable modesty must, I suppose, sometimes be permitted to display its charms or there would be no evidence of the existence of anything to be diffident about.

Some Parma violets were left out in the open the previous winter, and in a quite unsheltered



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spot, too. They apparently suffered very little from it, and, although not so luxuriant as their protected brethren, they flowered freely in the spring and are occupying the same ground a second winter in good health and strength. Even violets fade, though, especially when plucked, and their turn must come sooner or later, like the rest.



In a land of clear colors and stories,  
In a region of shadowless hours,  
Where earth has a garment of glories  
And a murmur of musical flowers.

Swinburne.



## CHAPTER VI

### GARDEN PETS, AND OTHERS



WHAT a contrast is a tropical garden even in winter and spring to one such as we in the north are accustomed to! The luxuriance of the two particular tropical gardens, a town one and a country one, to which I refer, was sufficient even at Christmas time to clothe the landscape in rich foliage, in many parts shortly followed by the profuse efflorescence of the trees and shrubs. I lavished much care and affection on these gardens for some years and always like to dwell upon the rapid and full generosity of the return with which nature repaid the labor bestowed upon them.

My town garden was encircled inside its walls by a carriage drive densely shaded by an avenue of evergreen, dark-foliaged trees, *Mimusops elengi*, and the sweet-scented *Champack*, backed by a

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broad shrubbery of variegated and gorgeously colored shrubs, *Crotons*, *Hibiscus*, *Aurelias*, *Panaxes*, *Durantas*, the flaming *Poinsettia*, *Dracenas*, and many other beautiful plants and bushes, while the trees were further adorned with creepers and orchids.

In the center was a large lawn of the purest and greenest grass that can be seen anywhere, sentineled in its corners by tall spreading "Flamboyants" (*Poinciana regia*) whose immense brilliant mass of fire-like blossoms eclipsed everything else while it lasted.

The drive had a cross-road which led through a porch under an outlying wing of the house. This porch was an object of great beauty, covered as it was with creepers—*Ficus stipulata*, with its fine ivy-like leaves, and the gigantic variegated *Pothos* clinging close to and clothing the masonry, the whole entwined and festooned with *Hoyas* and *Beaumontia grandiflora*. The *Beaumontia*, to my mind, is the most magnificent of creepers, and the luxuriance of its growth and opulence of its bloom are probably unsurpassed by any other of its kind. It mounts to the summit of high trees, say of forty



This Porch was of Great Beauty.

TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE



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## Garden Pets, and Others

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to fifty feet, in two years, and when wreathed in its great massive clusters of rich, white, open, trumpet-shaped flowers, presents a truly gorgeous spectacle.

The lawn was usually rendered more attractive by the graceful pose of a pair of cranes. At one time I kept tall, gray Saras cranes, with red heads, and at another time Demoiselle cranes and a white-necked stork, a very wise and sedate bird. They all lived in and stalked about the garden at their own sweet will and naturally became very tame. But the most characteristic and affectionate bird I ever kept is the great hornbill.

I have had two specimens of this bird on different occasions and both of them showed themselves of the same marked character and intelligence. They both slept in a box nailed to the wall, and the first one used to spend his day sitting by the gatekeeper at the sill of the gateway. He never once showed the least inclination to pass that self-imposed barrier to explore the streets of the town, though he would remain for hours at a time intently watching all that passed by in the outer world. Nothing disturbed his

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equanimity; and, as I observed more than once, when an unusually venturesome dog rushed at him, he never allowed himself to be driven from his post. He remained quite still, and as the dog almost touched him he suddenly opened his enormous beak to its fullest extent. It was curious and delightful to see how equally prompt the canine would-be aggressor dissimulated by precipitately turning a little aside and assuming an extraordinary interest in some stone or weed close by, as if that were the sole object of his rapid excursion.

In the early morning the bird, after I had had him a short time, always placed himself on the steps at the house door waiting for me to come out into the garden, around which he would then follow me in his ungainly hops. If I passed out of the door without taking any notice of him he quickly followed and gently seized my trousers or my fingers with his beak to remind me of his presence.

My second specimen was also a most affectionate pet. Like the first, he exhibited no desire to go either out of the garden or into the house, and

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## Garden Pets, and Others

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he never put his foot inside the door, even when coaxed to do so, till one morning, to my great surprise, he flew from a tree close by into the open window of my little children's nursery. There he sat on the floor looking with a sad and rolling eye at the final packing of boxes and preparations for departure, for in an hour they were about to leave the country for England. He must have known and realized this, for nothing else had ever lured him into the house before and he never entered it afterward. It was one of the most touching tributes of attachment I have known.

Sometimes he was gay and playful. I shall never forget how one day he was evidently consumed with an irresistible desire to join in a game of lawn-tennis. Whilst the game was going on he flopped into the middle of the court and tried to seize a ball. He was "shooed" away; but returned again and again, always to meet with the same fate. At last he saw his chance, got a ball in his beak and conveyed it to the low flat roof of an outhouse, where he had a game with it by himself.

Poor bird! he came to a most tragic end. The

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great hornbill is a clumsy bird and a very top-heavy and weak flier, and these disabilities brought about his death. He was on the branch of a tree in the garden upon which somehow or other he lost his hold. He was precipitated head foremost on to the ground without being able to recover himself, and broke his neck.—R. I. P.

The only other bird I have had which compared in intelligence and character with the hornbill was a small bird of the parrot tribe, called in Ecuador *Cherleces* and in Brazil *Marianita*. One of these charming little creatures accompanied me everywhere on my travels for many months and I never had him imprisoned in a cage or tied up. He was, of course, pinioned. The height of his bliss was to climb up my clothes till he reached my shoulder, where he would sit contentedly and whistle. He never screamed after I had once or twice evinced my strong aversion to such harsh noises. He allowed me to scratch him under the wings, and—the great repugnance of birds—even to lay him flat on his back, in which position, until told to: “Fica morto!” he would remain “dead” till ordered to rise again. He traveled

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## Garden Pets, and Others

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with me in the wilds and in civilization, in boats, steamers, and in a sailing ship on the ocean—always loose and happy in his liberty. At a hotel I stayed at he wandered about everywhere, and when one day he was not to be found, I was taken to the kitchen, where I perceived him on a long table in front of the cooks, very busy tasting the good things they were preparing.

As this chapter seems to have slid from horticulture into zoology, I can not while on the subject of the intelligence of animals resist the temptation of narrating the most remarkable case of the clear exercise of reasoning which I have myself witnessed in an animal.

It was an orang-utan, almost full-grown, and as far as my memory serves me a male. He was in a spacious cage separated by bars from another similar adjoining one which was unoccupied. At the back of each cage was a second compartment, or bedchamber, with raised boarding and straw upon it.

After giving my very anthropomorphous friend some bread to eat, I threw a piece into the next cage out of his reach. He made several en-

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## Garden Mosaics

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deavors with his long arms to take it and finding this of no avail tried with his legs (or, should I say in the case of *quadrumana*, posterior arms?), which, of course, were shorter. Finding himself thus nonplussed, he hesitated; but after a few moments' apparent reflection his mind was made up. He retired into his bedchamber, whence he at once returned, dragging some of the straw with him. This he then twisted roughly together into a primitive sort of rope, and taking the two ends in his hand pushed his arm through the bars and "fished" for the bread with the bight or loop. After one or two misses he caught the prize and triumphantly drew it toward him.

Now, I do not wish to depreciate the intelligence of other orang-utans and chimpanzees at the London Zoo, who learn to count straws and exhibit proofs of self-abnegation in taking small pieces of apple whilst leaving the larger ones for the keeper; but as an example of the untutored and deliberate exercise of the reasoning faculty I think my record occupies a higher plane. Indeed, many human beings, and perhaps a very large proportion of them, vain as we are of our

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## Garden Pets, and Others

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intellectual powers, would not have been able to exert their faculties to such excellent effect in similar circumstances.

The orang-utan demonstrated unmistakably that man is not the only genus and species "rationis capax," a fact which ought to humble our pride.





“Sag ich's euch, geliebte Bäume,  
Die ich ahndevoll gepflanzt,  
Als die wunderbarsten Träume  
Morgenröthlig mich umtanzt?  
Ach, ihr wisst es, wie ich liebe,  
Die so schön mich wieder liebt,  
Die den reinsten meiner Triebe  
Mir noch reiner wiedergiebt.”

—— ?

Shall I tell you, dearest trees, mine,  
Wistful planted in the ground,  
Whilst the most amazing visions  
Circled like the dawn around?  
Oh! you know it, how I love her  
Who my love restores so true,  
Who my purest inspirations,  
Purer still reflects like you.



## CHAPTER VII

### TROPICAL TREES



IN the country garden that I loved in the tropics there were many beautiful trees and shrubs; great clumps of tall, swaying bamboos of various species, graceful groups of palms, large spreading rain-trees (*Pithecolobium saman*), the canopied and sweet-scented *Divi-Divi*, the flaming *Poinciana*, the rich golden *Cassia fistula*, the delicately fringed mauve *Lagerstræmia regina*, the silver- and golden-balled *Anthocephalus cadamba*, and many other large and glorious flowering trees.

The creepers, too, were a sight to behold; large masses of mauve *Bougainvillea*, brilliant orange *Bignonia venusta*, bright blue *Clitoria* and *Convolvulus Pentanthus*, red and white *Quisqualis*, lilac pink *Tecoma*, slate blue *Petroea*, crimson *Poivreia Coccinea*, pure canary yellow *Allamanda*, the rich

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## Garden Mosaics

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pink *Antigonon*—surely a sufficient variety of massive coloring to please the most exacting.

The growth of all the vegetation was marvelous, especially that of the rain-tree and the giant bamboo. The former, though planted as small trees two to three feet high and as thin as slate-pencils in an avenue six feet from each side of a carriage drive, at the end of their second year had met and formed an archway eighteen to twenty feet high over the road. At five years of age their stems attained a thickness of eighteen inches to two feet, and their height, with a wide spread of foliage, over forty feet.

The growth of a bamboo is perhaps even more remarkable. The clump of *Bambusa gigantea* would in one season throw up fifteen to twenty stems five to six inches in diameter to the height of about fifty to sixty feet in two months! Imagine the vigorous constructive elaboration that must take place to build up such a mass of substantial material from the soil and the atmosphere, and what force must be exerted to draw the necessary constituents together and adjust them to their new structure!

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## Tropical Trees

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Besides the trees in the garden, I must mention a few other specially attractive ones which flourished in the neighborhood, such as the charming *Bauhinia variegata*, various splendid large specimens of which always reminded me of some fair spirit being wafted from "under the violets" up toward heaven in a cloud of delicate airy blossom, and the *Cassia nodosa*, appeared for fully two months on end with lovely rose-pink drapery more dainty and fresher than apple blossom. The dazzling pure orange claws, sheathed in deep olive-green velvet, of the *Butea frondosa* can also not pass unnoticed; but there are so many strikingly beautiful flowering trees in the tropics that I can not attempt to describe more than these few, which form the most vivid pictures in my mind at the moment.

In the rose garden I had a rose called "Baronne Pelletan de Kinkellan." It was a beautiful dark red one. I have looked for it in vain in the catalogues which now come before me, but have been unable to find it, though I should much like to have it again. Perhaps, like some of its fair sisters, it has an *alias*.

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## Garden Mosaics

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Among trees, my allegiance has never swerved from *Albizzia paludosa*, which, on the whole, I think is the most beautiful tree I have ever seen, if one can say that one species is more attractive than others of entirely diverse type and habit. It would be like determining that one admired only fair women; and so perhaps one does so long as one of that divine type is reflected upon the retina of the eye or mind. But let a dark beauty of chiseled feature and flashing eye step on the scene and one's allegiance begins to waver. One says to himself, and perchance even would wish to say to her: "Before, I thought I loved only fair women, but now I am sure I love them dark!" Even as I record my undivided and supreme devotion to the *Albizzia*, radiant images of superb cedars and firs present themselves before me and remind me of the superlative admiration I gave them when honored by their presence. There are of course trees of different complexion, just as there are women. The lime and the birch I regard as specimens of the fair type, and the cedar, cypress, and Scotch fir as specimens of the dark type of beauty. Most trees, like most human be-



The Most Beautiful Tree I Have Ever Seen.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS



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## Tropical Trees

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ings, are between the two, and the vast majority of them are similarly crowded together and take their form from the multitude which surrounds them, living through their span of life without ever having stretched their limbs independently and without ever having experienced the joy of learning their capabilities in isolation. It is only in solitude that the tree or the mind can develop its own habit, in a freedom and originality which are incompatible with the cramping and monotonous influences of a perpetually gregarious social existence.

My special innamorata, for scientific nomenclature regards all trees as feminine, the *Albizzia*, is a blond beauty, tall and divinely fair. Her trunk is smooth, light gray in color, and she begins to spread her limbs soon after emerging from the soil. She multiplies and expands them, gradually pressing them upward through the air till they overtop all her companions. At about thirty to thirty-five feet from the ground her trunk divides itself into some score of stems and branches separating from each other little by little. The first foliage begins to show itself at this elevation and

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the process of easy lateral expansion continues as the stems rise and multiply until a gigantic bundle of plumes ninety feet in height and proportioned in the most perfect grace has been constructed. There is no single main stem beyond five feet from the ground, and the whole tree in its full plumage has the appearance of a most elegantly fashioned and colossal posy.

Peerless beauties, of such striking dimensions as the *Albizia* I have tried to describe, are of course few; but in the humbler walks of plant-life there are innumerable unobtrusive graces, none the less alluring and instructive for being diminutive, retiring, and artless.

There is often more faultlessness in small and unobtrusive things than in great ones, possibly because the former have less accommodation for big faults. There is undoubtedly ampler scope for great failings and more temptation to commit them in great people; hence, "noblesse oblige" to help to keep them straight. The law of compensation imposes additional obligations and duties with every bounty conferred.

As regards dimensions, we are all apt to pay an

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## Tropical Trees

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inordinate proportion of tribute to mere size, which is probably an unformulated acknowledgment of our own insignificance in space. We are lost in wonder at the magnitude of infinity and our minds fail to grasp it. But can we understand and is it not equally amazing that there should be nothing so small that it is not capable of illimitable subdivision into endless infinity?



Er ist so Kalt, der fremde Sonnenschein,  
Ich möchte, ja ich möcht', zu Hause sein!

Herwogh.

The alien sunshine chills in every pore,  
I long and yearn to be at home once more.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE CHILD AND THE GARDEN



**A**FTER our little excursion into the tropics we must now return home again, for the homing instinct is potent in all sentient and intelligent beings. We are not always able to explain to ourselves the cause of this desire to return home which accompanies most of us through life, though of course it is manifest enough where the recollections of childhood and early development have been pleasant ones, as I hope they are in the vast majority of cases.

But there is something more than this in it, and the instinct frequently exists apart from visible external allurements. It is, I suppose, the unconscious impression of the earliest period of dependence, when the child has virtually no separate existence and when every necessity and want has been supplied by fostering care upon which its

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## Garden Mosaics

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very life and nourishment depended. Even apart from affection, this impression remains and draws the weary and troubled at all periods of life back to what was the haven of its origin.

The feeling or passion has been well described in a charming German song by Gumbert, *Das theure Vaterhaus*, of which I will give a translation for those who do not know or are unable to appreciate the original:

I know of something dearest  
Upon God's great wide world,  
That round my heart clings nearest  
And closest ever furled.  
No friend, not e'en a sweetheart,  
Can lure my love to roam  
From longings keen for fatherland  
And the beloved old home.

Through life, amidst all pleasures  
And joys that fill the breast,  
The heart of hearts still treasures  
The greater bliss of rest.  
Hot tears of tender yearning  
From heart and eyes must come  
At thought of dear old fatherland  
And the paternal home.



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## The Child and the Garden

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And at the end, when of this life  
The bitter course is run,  
Then set me up a grave-mound  
With flowers in the sun.  
But take out from this bosom  
Nor farther let it roam  
The weary heart which rest can find  
Nowhere but in its home.

I must confess that the song loses in the translation much of the spirit breathed in the original; but that is almost inevitable in translations.

For my own part, I live in the garden, looking upon the house more as a temporary abode and shelter for the night, and I consider that a garden should be a home in itself and, besides other things, first of all the abode of innocent, happy childhood, the later recollections of which can never be purer or more unalloyed than when dwelling upon the sweet-scented memories of the place in the open air where it played and frolicked. Perhaps no one has better described what it should be to all ages of life, to "the three Ages of Love," as the old song has it, than the poet laureate in his gem-like poem *Had I a Garden*.

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## Garden Mosaics

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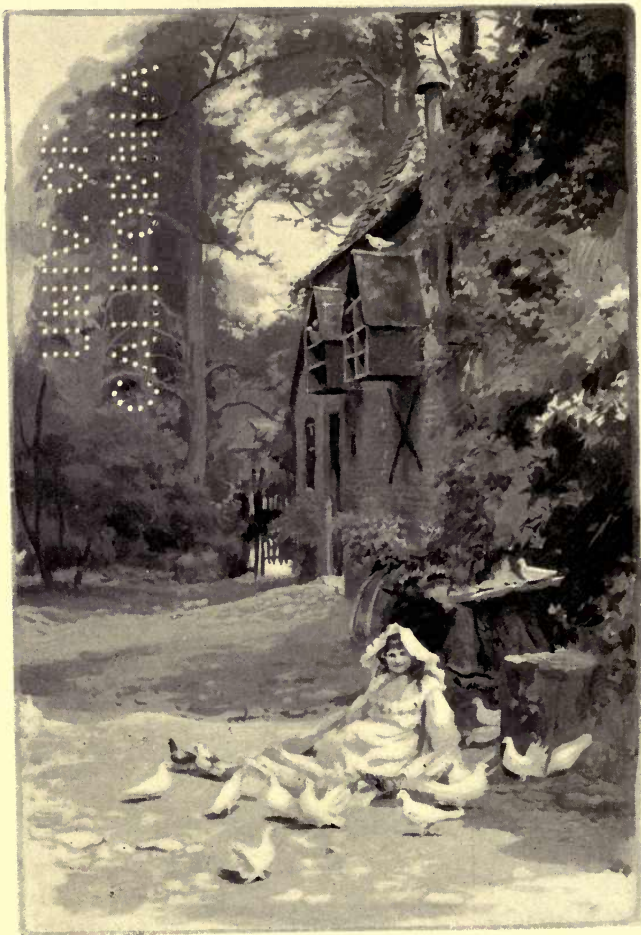
Had I a garden, it should lie  
All smiling to the sun,  
And after bird and butterfly  
Children should romp and run;  
Filling their little laps with flowers,  
The air with shout and song,  
While golden crests in guelder bowers  
Rippled the whole day long.

Had I a garden, alleys green  
Should lead where none would guess,  
Save lovers, to exchange unseen,  
Shy whisper and caress.  
For them the nightingale should sing  
Long after it was June,  
And they should kiss and deem it spring,  
Under the harvest moon.

Had I a garden, claustral yews  
Should shut out railing wind,  
That Poets might on sadness muse  
With a majestic mind;  
With ear attuned and god-like gaze  
Scan Heaven, and fathom Hell,  
Then through life's labyrinthine maze  
Chant to us, "All is well!"

Had I a garden, it should grow  
Shelter where feeble feet  
Might loiter long, or wander slow,  
And deem decadence sweet;

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a form or document, consisting of several lines of characters and some symbols.



Her Beloved White Pigeons Settled About Her.

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## The Child and the Garden

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Pausing, might ponder on the past,  
Vague twilight in their eyes,  
Wane calmer, comelier, to the last,  
Then die, as Autumn dies.

All gardens, I suppose, bear traces of childhood, either in the shape of the little retired plots called "the children's gardens" or in other forms. In my garden, the period of children's plots, alas! has passed; but I am still able to cherish marks of reminiscence left by little visitors whose fairy presence has from time to time vied with the flowers in bringing home to one the beauties and joys of nature. One delightful little being, herself one of the fairest and gayest of flowers, has left behind her numerous mementoes. One of these is a rose-bush, "Black Prince," specially appropriated, on her own initiative, by the little "White Princess," to be cared for and tended in future on her behalf.

Another is a real *memento mori*, the grave of one of her beloved white pigeons about the place, who flew to her and settled about her as though they also, like the flowers, recognized her as one of themselves. The poor bird fell a prey to the

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## Garden Mosaics

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terrier "Tim," usually a well-behaved and humane dog where house pets are concerned. In this case, however, a moment of excitement evidently made him forget his accustomed self-control in the face of temptation, or possibly he also thought that temptation was made to be fallen into and that to flee from it was a sign of weakness. However that may be, the consequences of wrong-doing are never confined to the wrong-doer, which must be the reason why wrong-doing is wrong, and the bird was killed. The little "Princess" demanded an immediate funeral; but as bedtime was near this was deferred to the next day, when the obsequies were performed and the body was consigned to earth under the beech-tree, close to the grave of a departed specimen of the offending canine race. The selection of an epitaph for the tombstone, which consisted of a large wooden label, next became a subject of anxious deliberation, the final solution resulting in the eloquent and original inscription: "Poor Pigeon—Naughty Timmy."

A remarkable incident, which I must relate, occurred among these pigeons—mostly white fan-

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## The Child and the Garden

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tails and magpies. The first young bird fledged after her lamented majesty's death last year developed a perfectly drawn black edge over the whole arc of its otherwise pure white tail.

Other souvenirs, forgotten at the departure and which await their owner's return, were a little wooden spade and a golliwog. The poor golliwog presumably must have strayed away from the house and lost his bearings. When his mistress departed he was not to be found anywhere and was given up for lost. What was my astonishment, therefore, about a week later, to find him sitting on one of the cross seats of the punt which floats under the name of the little "Princess" on the stream running through the garden, exalted in its humility by the appellation of "The Drain." The poor creature, though still possessed of sufficient strength to sit up, had a most wobegone appearance, and the way in which his head drooped upon his chest, and the vacant, glassy look in his eye, denoted eloquently the mental and physical privation and suffering he must have undergone. I was really quite startled when I saw him again, not having heard from any one

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## Garden Mosaics

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of his reappearance, and my imagination at once made clear to me what adventurous hardships he must have been exposed to. I conjectured that, without the graceful and charming companions of the golliwog in the story-book, having lost his way, he wandered about for days, anxious and wet, for the weather was unpropitious, in the shrubberies, sleeping the nights under such shelter as the thickest box-bushes or rhododendrons afforded. At length, having searched in vain for his friends, who were comfortably housed in the doll's house and story-book, he doubtless reached the banks of "The Drain," famished, bedraggled, and footsore. The gardener says he found him on the ground and put him in the punt; but that must be a pleasant fiction, for my own conviction is that from the shores of "The Drain" the golliwog saw the punt with his mistress' name painted upon it in red letters and that having learned to read he recognized these, swam off from the bank, clambered over the side of the punt and sat himself upon the seat to rest from his exertions. If any one doubts this account of what must have happened they are welcome to inspect "The



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## The Child and the Garden

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Drain," the punt with the name on it, and the golliwog himself; and I can further, if need be, assure any disbeliever that I really found the little dark-complexioned gentleman on the seat looking very disconsolate, and—*he was wet!* Could further proof be needed, even by Sherlock Holmes? The golliwog may, moreover, still be seen sitting on a shelf over the window of my dressing-room, and he is now *dry*. I have no wish to fortify my case by keeping him permanently moist.

I can not end this chapter without quoting Harold Begbie's beautiful lines on Childhood:

How like an open flow'r thou art,  
Dear life aglow with all that's sweet,  
Blue sunny eyes, a bounding heart,  
Innocent hands and feet.

In what cool paths thy footsteps run,  
A garden plot thine orb'd earth:  
And all thy quest beneath the sun  
Innocent joy and mirth.

Thy prattle thrills the quivering lark,  
Thy laughter tips the rippling corn,  
All happy things rejoicing mark  
Thy coming, like the morn.

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## Garden Mosaics

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The sunbeams glint thy woodland way,  
The squirrel skips before thy feet,  
And bluebells in the bracken say—  
Little hands gather us: we are sweet!

I know not on this thorny earth  
A purity so white, intense;  
Sin howling at the doors of mirth  
Shrinks from such innocence.

Oh that the chafing waves of time  
With muffled moan and stifled roar,  
With all the ages' silt and slime,  
Fret at this green, green shore!

Oh that my jealous eyes must see  
This joyance fade from lip and eye,  
And ever 'twixt my child and me  
A chilling shadow lie.

Oh that this smooth white brow must cloud,  
The calm of these brave eyes be riven,  
Not all thy thoughts be said aloud,  
Not all thy smiles be given!

Oh that these little feet must stand  
Where now I stumble, grope and pray,  
And where another Father's hand  
Alone must guide thy way!

Die Herrlichkeit der Welt ist immer adquat der  
Herrlichkeit des Geistes, der sie betrachtet.

Heine.

The splendor of the world is always commensurate  
With the elevation of the mind which contemplates it.



## CHAPTER IX

### TRAINING THE GARDEN



HAD always heard that very old elms were dangerous trees on account of the risk of collapse of their branches; but I did not realize the warning adequately till last winter, when suddenly, one quiet day, when there was no wind, a limb fell off a large elm which stands just inside my hedge near the road. The main branch measured twenty-two inches in diameter and the whole of it was sound and without a trace of decay in any part of it. It fell in a most considerate manner, its main fork astride the hedge, which it therefore left undamaged. I shortened the outer leg and with the aid of a rope and some strong men tumbled the whole branch across the road. The proportions of the bough may be realized when I mention that it provided exercise for myself and guests, who are always expected to join

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## Garden Mosaics

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in the labor, on and off during most of the winter, in sawing and cutting.

It furnished many sturdy blocks as pedestals for large flower tubs and for other purposes; heavy frames for rustic benches; cross-sections polished I made up into tables and stools, and the house was supplied with firelogs through the cold weather, the cutting and splitting of which warmed one thoroughly on the bleakest day.

It was sad to see the poor tree, still strong and sound to all appearance, losing his limbs, another smaller one having also dropped off some months later.

I can, however, imagine his saying, like The Fallen Elm, in Veronica's Garden:

Nay, pity me not, I am living still,  
Though prone on the plowed-up earth.

. . . . .  
They will carry me in from the well-walled garth,  
Where the logs are split and stored,  
And lay me down where the blazing hearth  
Glints warm on the beakered board.

I shall roar my stave through the chimney's throat,  
. . . . .  
Oh, I am not dead, though my head droops low,  
That used in the Spring to soar

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## Training the Garden

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To the sky half-way, and the friendless crow  
Will nest in my fork no more.

So sorrow you not if I cease to soar,  
And am sundered by saw and bill:  
Rather hope that, like me, when you're green no  
more,  
You may comfort your kindred still.

These thoughts are certainly very comforting when one is pained by the sight of the living dissolution of a vegetable monarch in all its apparent undecayed health and strength, and at the summit of its glory.

In trying to explain to myself the reason of this seemingly unaccountable dismemberment of very old elms, I notice that the lower and heavier branches, probably by reason of their accretion of bulk, very gradually assume an increasingly horizontal position, thus unfitting them more and more to bear the strain of their own weight, which, as their angle becomes more obtuse in relation to the parent stem, eventually compasses their collapse. No doubt the fiber also loses elasticity and becomes more brittle with age. Some of the lower branches of another, my favorite,

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## Garden Mosaics

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elm stand out almost horizontal from the trunk, and from their great weight I fear their doom is also not far off.

A fine, large, and well-grown ash has also disappeared from the strip of ground which I call "The Wilderness," on the other side of our thirty-two feet broad "Drain." It was blown down in a violent gale which swept over the country last October. It had a fine, sound, straight stem, over fifty feet of which were sold for timber, whilst the branches again served for useful domestic purposes. The trunk fell right across the stream, and its removal occasioned much hard and interesting work; but I would much rather see it flourishing in its old place among its stately fellows, where its presence would be a greater comfort to me than its economic utilization.

It always seems to me a comparatively easier and shorter matter to build a royal palace than to grow a regal tree, and I am thus correspondingly distressed at the loss of what it is at least impossible to replace within a period measured by the ordinary expectation of individual human life.

The "Wilderness," which I have just men-



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## Training the Garden

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tioned, was, when I entered into its possession and enjoyment with the rest of the domain, a small strip of land, bounded by a high and ill-kept hedge, and separated from the garden by a banked-up brook which I elegantly christened "The Drain." It was densely overgrown with wild ivy and garlic, the soil thickly interwoven all over with the creeping roots of stinging nettles, this "jungly" undergrowth shaded by the fine but maimed elm aforesaid, a handsome chestnut, a few tall and well-grown ash, some alders along the water's edge, and a number of firs.

I had the undergrowth cleared away, the nettles and garlic as far as possible rooted out, and put in quantities of bluebells, primroses, common daffodils, crocuses, lilies-of-the-valley, and other roots; whilst I scattered freely about a plentiful supply of seed of foxglove, purple loosestrife, and meadowsweet. With the last two along the bank I planted rushes, marsh-marigold, and water forget-me-nots.

My plan of endeavoring to produce a wilderness of wild flowers I hope will eventually succeed, and if it does the irregular masses of color

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## Garden Mosaics

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will look very pretty under the trees from the garden side of the stream. The foxgloves have come up in thousands, and some of the meadow-sweet and loosestrife also exhibited themselves last summer, so I may hope they will become firmly established. The other things can take care of themselves. Some Spanish irises, however, were dug out and destroyed by water-rats, against which I subsequently waged war with considerable success.

I suppose in time I shall learn how to make flowers grow in what was and still strives to remain a wilderness of garlic, nettles, and ivy; but one's education into a proper understanding of the secret processes of nature is always a matter of time and patience.

A charming writer who recently made *A Journey to Nature* says: "You want to know the secret of nature; well, you will have to become an obedient part of it, then you will know, but you will lose the power and the desire to tell it." How many, who have communed with nature, must have felt this.

Our education, unfortunately, does not attempt

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## Training the Garden

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to place us in our proper relationship with nature, and we are seldom taught to understand its commonest manifestations. How many "educated" persons in modern society can explain, for instance, what causes the rain to fall, why the sea is salt, or what impels the wind to blow?

We inherit but little knowledge and much prejudice and ignorance, and during a great portion of our so-called educational period our minds are still further prejudiced and warped by the learning instilled into them against all other conflicting knowledge. We are not trained sufficiently into simple receptivity of all classes of knowledge and taught to observe and appraise and compare and deduce for ourselves of our own initiative.

Our great difficulty in mature life is to see clearly through the mist in which we have been enveloped in our youth and to "depolarize" our minds from bias and symbolic jargon. Without some determined effort to see things from outside our one-sided selves, there is but little possibility of our discerning anything as it really is.

Education ought to impart the means of acquir-

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## Garden Mosaics

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ing knowledge—reading, writing, and arithmetic. For the rest, in theory, we should be brought up in the gutter, with our minds open and our powers of original observation developed to the utmost. In practise, I fear this scheme would not answer; but perhaps more practical results would be attained if the theory were kept a little more in view than it is. The proper inculcation of a spirit of discipline would also be somewhat incompatible with such a theory. Discipline, however, is apt to be looked upon by many, like virtue or humility, as an excellent attribute—for other people.

The prejudice instilled before the mind reaches its strength of independence is, of course, greatest in the matter of ethics, as we are not given a broad code, as Descartes set to himself, of a “*Morale par provision*,” to serve until such time as a better one can be substituted. Neither are we warned sufficiently that our virtuous inclinations ought to be watched and are as likely to lead us astray as our vices. The latter, if at all pronounced, are apparent to ourselves as well as to others and obtrude themselves for correction and

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## Training the Garden

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subjugation. But our affections, generosity, sociability, sensibility, and desire to please are much more insidious and are liable to grow and finally to run riot till they have led us into trouble and even into vice itself. The obvious corollary of this would be that it is sounder to enter upon a controlled career of moderate vice, to be modified and transformed by the experience of the lessons it teaches, than to let unbridled virtue pursue its mad career unadmonished and unchecked.

There is only one more item in connection with the education of the young which I wish to refer to and that is the fatal gift of memory. I always call it a fatal gift in youth, as in most cases it is made use of at the expense of the free and full development of the understanding and reasoning powers. This fact will be patent to all who observe and think.

Memory, though a splendid gift, is apt to do away with the necessity of intellectual exertion, as wealth only too often supplants the need and destroys the desire for work of any description.



¿ Donde te escondes, Violeta bella?  
¿ Por que asi esquivas mirar la luz?  
Tu que no puedes vivir sin ella.  
¿ Buscas de sombras dense capuz?

Sal, florecilla, lanza al ambiente  
Tu grata esencia, tu dulce olor;  
Deja que el lirio te bese ardiente,  
Te brinde puro su casto amor.

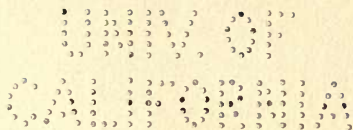
Torres Caicedo.

Beautiful Violet, where art thou hiding?  
Why dost thou shun to look out on the light?  
Thou, who thy life to the sun art confiding,  
Seek'st thou by day the concealment of night?

Flow'ret, come out and distil on the sunbeam  
Thy delicate fragrance, thy perfume so sweet,  
And suffer the lily to kiss thee in one gleam  
Of love pure and chaste, proffered coy at thy feet.







## CHAPTER X

### THE COMING OF SPRING



HE calendar tells me, as if it were an incontrovertible fact, like the rest of the events it chronicles, that "spring commences" on the 21st day of March. But although this is brought to my notice as a fact in a beautiful garden diary supplied by one of our great seedsmen, for the moment I refuse to accept it, as once, some time ago on a sea voyage, after receiving presents and celebrating a day I had given out as my birthday, I placidly announced to my disenchanted friends and admirers that in personal matters I did not consider myself bound by the Gregorian calendar. I never could understand what difference it might make to them whether my birthday was on one date or another, according to their particular mode of reckoning; but it evidently did make a difference, and I took their interest in such a

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## Garden Mosaics

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detail concerning my first appearance on this sub-lunary sphere as a great compliment. I hope they will not be annoyed, but will evince an equal concern in my affairs, when I now pronounce a similar repudiation of an accepted astronomical item recorded in the calendars of most civilized nations.

In my garden I wish to consider that spring set in on the 7th of March. In so far as the birds are concerned it might have begun in the middle of January, for many of them have been singing since then. Indeed, the larks in the neighboring fields have hardly ceased to fill the air with their music all the winter. It seems to me that I have never crossed the meadows without hearing them, and I have watched them and listened to their songs even in the midst of a snow-storm.

On the 7th and the few days which have elapsed since, the garden, in comparison with winter, has looked quite gay with its long fringes and clumps of crocuses, snowdrops, violets, and hepaticas in full bloom, and it is quite clear the winter slumber is over, and the hope sown in autumn has devel-

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## The Coming of Spring

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oped into full-fledged expectation. The first primroses, chionodoxas, and polyanthus are also in flower, whilst the rhododendrons, azaleas, cherries, the older anemones, daffodils, and other trees and bulbs have pushed out their healthy flower-buds. Many of the irises, hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, delphiniums, campanulas, sweet-williams, Canterbury bells, and pansies show vigorous new growth; and the leaf-buds have swollen and are opening on roses, honeysuckle, Billy Button, clematis, lilacs, and others. The hawthorn will soon be ready to burst, and on one patch of hedge, which is always the earliest, the buds are unfolding into little fresh green leaves. The crimson ramblers are covered with new verdure, and the protected seedlings of annuals are giving promise in thousands. The early sweet-peas have braved the winter, by the aid of a little protecting straw, are two to three inches above ground, and have been "sticked."

If all this, when I am now writing on the 10th of March, is not stronger evidence than the bald and unsupported statement that "spring commences" on the 21st of March, may some of my

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## Garden Mosaics

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buds be cut off by late frosts—as they probably will be.

The Spring has come! The buds peep out  
To see "God's lidless eye" again,  
To feel the glow its glory sheds  
In quickened sprout, from root and grain.

Each bulb and stalk puts forth its bloom  
At mandate of that orb sublime,  
Whose mighty gaze draws out their blush  
And keeps them flaming all the time.

But modesty and homage too  
In shrub and timber neither fail:  
Their limbs bared in the winter's blast  
With soft green mantle now the veil.

Thus may we learn from tree and root  
Our inward squalor to entomb,  
And let Spring bud within our hearts  
To bring forth grace in bounteous bloom.

I wish I were an artist in words, as Pierre Loti, for instance, to paint the beauties of the awakening of vegetable nature and the aspects of the landscape in spring as he depicts the scenes he visits in his *Japonneries d' Automne*. No landscape ever idealized on canvas can, to my

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## The Coming of Spring

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thinking, approach the realities one can see daily a thousand-fold in garden, wood, and stream; and it is for this reason that I always prefer life-like pictures of figures, in which phases of character, beauty, emotion, and passion may more easily be, and sometimes are, transcended.

I am aware the expression of such views may be assailed from many quarters; but my tastes are unorthodox and I do not even play ping-pong or seek pleasure in shooting birds.

After all, beauty is a thing that is felt more by those "qui se savourent en silence," than by those who break out into facile ecstasy and gush. And beauty is without doubt only really appreciated where it is deeply felt and penetrates the whole being. The mere seeing of beauty as compared with the deep sensation of silent and expressionless emotion it creates, is rather like comparing the practical view of one person, that the sky looked as if it had "had a mustard plaster on it" and the sea "like mutton gravy getting cold," with the speechless rapture pervading the inmost senses of another in keen appreciation of a glorious sunset reflected upon the waters.

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## Garden Mosaics

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I always remember how I used to resent such an intrusion upon my esthetic conviction as a remark that my little children were beautiful. That such an observation should be made to me who felt their loveliness far deeper than any casual comer possibly could, seemed to me like an insult to my intelligence and an outrage upon my most hallowed perceptions. No doubt others experience like sensations in similar circumstances, and this being the case, we may derive therefrom the moral that it is desirable to exercise great circumspection in our approach, even in commendation, upon whatever may appertain to the intimate spiritual domain of others.

I am afraid if I had put my thoughts into words under the provocation to which I have alluded, they might have taken some such form as: "You idiot! Do you think I do not feel what you only see?" This may sound very ungraceful and ungracious; but one's thoughts are not under the same control as their expression.

In the autumn I planted a wistaria against the stem of a tall ash and another one by itself in the paddock, where I want to see if I can train it into

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## The Coming of Spring

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a standard, or at least into a canopy with one strong central stem. This will of course require stiffening support for some time to come, and the branches or shoots which will eventually be allowed to grow out at the top will no doubt want some umbrella or tent-shaped frame to hold them up.

Several *Clematis Montana* have also been put in, one of which is likewise against a tree and another against a wall, whence it can climb on to an old yew, which it shows every intention of doing with spirit and thoroughness. A *Clematis Henryi*, a *C. Flammula*, and a *C. Coccinea* are being grown on poles and, as they are all shooting up vigorously, I hope they will make some show even this year.

The days are getting so much longer and the temperature is so mild that one can enjoy more of the fresh air out of the house, which is of importance. Indeed, I always think that fresh air is even of greater value to our health than good food, since we nourish our blood with it at every breath we draw. What a difference it must make, therefore, to our well-being if we habitually

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## Garden Mosaics

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breathe good, pure air. There seem, however, to be many people, to judge by the manner in which they shut themselves up in their houses and in railway carriages, who flourish, or at least get along creditably, in an atmosphere of carbonic acid which makes me feel faint and sick.



Es reden und traumen die Menschen viel  
Von besseren künftigen Tagen,  
Nach einem gluecklichen gold'nen Ziel  
Sicht man sie rennen und jagen,  
Die Welt wird alt und wird wieder jung,  
Doch der Mensch hofft immer Verbesserung.

Schiller.

Men talk by day and dream by night  
Of future better days in store,  
And toward a happier golden height  
Their muscles strive, their spirits soar,  
The world grows old and young again,  
Man's hope fixed on a higher plane.



## CHAPTER XI

### BLOSSOMS

**I**T occurs to me every now and then whilst writing these "reflections" that some of them may possibly hurt the feelings of, offend, or be deplored by some of my friends whose views of humanity and its destiny, of life with its ethics and morals, and of the relative positions of religion and evolution differ from mine. In such matters, however, if I set down anything at all, and I have proposed myself to indite whatever reflections suggest themselves to my mind, I must say truthfully what I think.

The militant missionary spirit is not in me and I am neither seeking to make converts nor to disturb the faith that is in any one, but I give way to none in the recognition of the incalculable benefit, sometimes to the individual and always to the race, of striving after an ideal. The particular

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## Garden Mosaics

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temperament, however, which strives after a high ideal, be this ever so imaginative, illusive, or impossible, it seems to me is just as much the outcome and instrument of evolution as is the more practical impulse of the struggle for food, protection, and the necessities of life generally, all of which serve the great object of preserving and improving the species.

I am quite prepared to find that many take what they may call a "higher" view; but I must confess that to me nothing seems more magnificent and sublime than the inexorable and, what astronomers and geologists would term, "secular" processes which have been elaborating the great scheme of constructive evolution from all eternity, on to an infinite future into which our limited and finite vision is powerless to penetrate, even in speculation.

Of one thing I feel sure and upon it I have no misgivings. It is that nothing I may say can endanger the truth. The truth *must* always stand, however it may be assailed.

When the divinity student said that in free discussion there was danger to truth, the professor

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## Blossoms

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replied: "I didn't know Truth was such an invalid. Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening. Does not Mr. Bryant say that Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while Error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger? I never heard that a mathematician was alarmed for the safety of a demonstrated proposition. I think, generally, that fear of open discussion implies feebleness of inward conviction, and great sensitiveness to the expression of individual opinion is a mark of weakness."

With this statement before me I shall not fear that either Truth or my friends can be injured by any views I may give expression to.

I just referred to the immense advantage of striving after an ideal, and when I advanced that proposition I did not intend to limit the ideal in any way. It may be an ideal of moral, intellectual, artistic, physical, industrial, or any other excellence, and it may appertain to the natural ephemeral life of the individual or to the eternal life he expects or firmly believes he will embark upon

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## Garden Mosaics

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hereafter. I only wish to submit that the hope of attaining such an ideal would equally appear to be one of the favored instruments whereby the glorious design of evolution accomplishes its objects. Hope, like other inspirations, has been evolved and developed in us as an aid to our advancement.

Die Hoffnung fuchrt ihn in's Leben ein,  
Sie umflattert den froelichen Knaben,  
Den Juengling bezaubert ihr Geisterschein,  
Sie wird mit dem Greis nicht begraben;  
Denn beschliesst er im grabe den mueden Lauf,  
Noch am Grabe pflanzt er die Hoffnung auf.

Hope enters with him into life  
And flutters round the joyous child;  
Its charm sustains the youth in strife  
And with old age is reconciled,  
For loosed in death the weary bond,  
The grave rears hope of things beyond.

A change of scene has now come over the garden. April has just passed and brought new and enchanting developments in its train. The crocuses, hepaticas, and snowdrops have long gone to their rest, and even all the hyacinths and earlier daffodils are over. The beds and foot of the long

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## Blossoms

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hedge are gay with wall-flowers, polyanthus, forget-me-nots, primroses, and anemones of many colors, white, blue, violet, purple, pink, scarlet, and lake red; while in all parts of the garden there are tulips and large pansies in flower of the richest hues and combinations. The cherry blossom has been glorious, especially two very large trees, so densely clothed in purest white that they looked as if they were covered with a thick mantle of snow. The first pears have shed their petals. They were the most forward in bud among the fruit-trees, and my gardener, remarking upon it, said: "That's the worst of pears; a few fine days tempt them beyond all bounds." This seems somewhat like a vegetable illustration of my proposition that temptation is made to be fallen into.

The apples are of course beautiful and this is a fat year of blossoms following upon a lean one. Many trees are in full bloom and there are others to come.

All the foliage trees and shrubs are clothed in tender verdure and only the ash, walnut, and the cautious mulberry lag behind. The last of these

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## Garden Mosaics

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never exposes his leaves to the remotest risk of night frost in spring, and sheds them before his neighbors evince any fear of the chills of autumn.

A short time ago it looked as if the ash would come out before the oak; but our sturdy and "ancient friend" has caught him up and, covered with fresh amber-green foliage, has left him far behind and only just beginning to put out his little flower-tufts. If old country sayings are to be relied upon, we shall have a dry summer, as we have certainly had a dry April.

When the oak's before the ash  
There will be a little splash;  
When the ash before the oak  
There will be a heavy soak.

The pink flowering currant and the yellow berberis have been coloring the shrubberies and a mauve pink rhododendron is gay with profuse bloom.

On the 18th of April I found that a large *Gloire de Dijon*, or "Glor de Dye John," as I frequently hear it called, on the south wall of the house, not only had a number of well-developed buds upon it,



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## Blossoms

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but also that these were covered with aphides, which I promptly brushed off where I could reach them. This noxious little insect, however, always interests me, as it constitutes the herds of liliputian cattle tended and milked by some species of ants, and, more interesting still, furnishes one of the examples in the animal kingdom of *parthenogenesis*, or virginal reproduction, among its various methods of procreation.

I am glad to say the nightingale has returned, though he has not yet established himself permanently for a nightly serenade, as I hope he will a little later on. The cuckoo, however, does not cease to call from early morn till evening, and his "pint" and his flower, *Ladies' smock*, came with him in the hedgerows and meadows. The appearance of flies and wasps also denotes the change of season.

My flowers in the grass have in part been a great joy, especially the snowdrops, crocuses, scillas, and daffodils. Some of the fritillaries and a few dog-violets have also come up; but the *chionodoxas*, *tulipa sylvestris*, and *anemone appenina* have done no good. On the other hand, common tulips

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## Garden Mosaics

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and hyacinths put in the grass their second year have flowered well, the spikes of the hyacinths, both in beds and in the grass, being as fine as they were the first year. Some tulips left in a bed, rather deep, a number of years ago, have sent up a bunch of flowers regularly each of the four springs I have now been here, and some hyacinths left undisturbed have flowered better their third year than when forced their first season.

My *Gladioli Colvillei*, which were well established and I thought quite hardy, had early in February thrown up an abundance of leaves, showing how well they were thriving. Being assured the cold would not hurt them, they were left unprotected, with the result that the severe frosts between the 10th and 19th of February cut them all down, and it is now, I fear, evident that they are not going to grow again. The less forward ones newly planted in the autumn are safe.

On one of my garden paths which is lined with box some stray violets have become entwined in the stems of the box, and in that position have flowered profusely, so that a few yards of the path have been lined with a neat edging of violets.

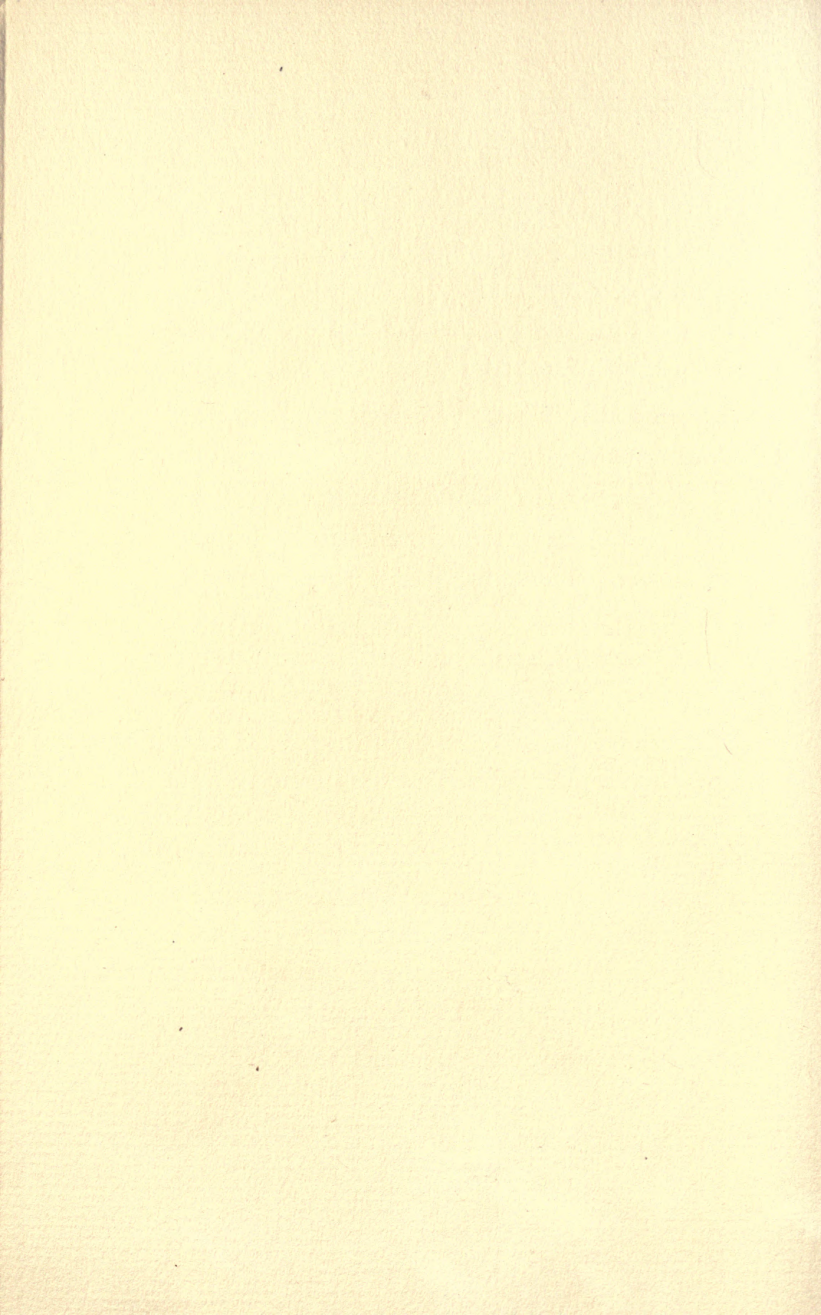
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## Blossoms

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The effect is so attractive that at the proper time I mean to extend it along both sides of the walk.

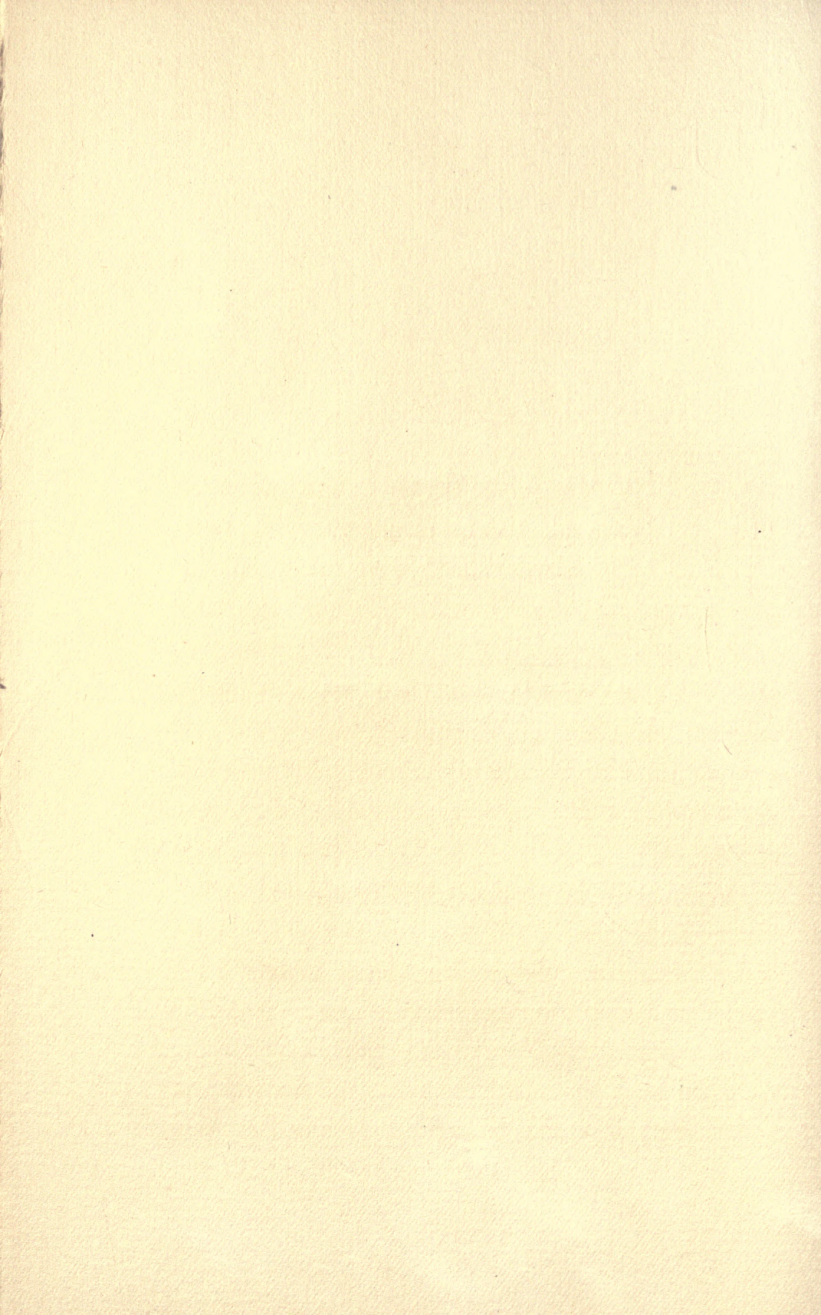
The marsh-marigolds on the margin of "The Drain" are flowering profusely, and the meadow-sweet, of which I scattered seed two years ago, are growing so strong that they promise an abundant harvest.



Diese graue Wolkenchaar  
Stieg aus einem Meer von Freuden;  
Heute muss ich dafür leiden  
Das ich gestern glücklich war.

Heine.

These gray, sombrous clouds that soar  
Rose up from a sea of gladness;  
And to-day I'm plunged in sadness  
As I was content before.



## CHAPTER XII

### SUGGESTIONS



WE are now on the threshold of the last week in May, and meteorological experts say that the temperature has been lower so far during this "merry" month than for sixty-one years past. For my garden I regret it and would gladly see my plants and trees enjoying some warmth and sunshine, though for myself and my own comfort, or discomfort, I accept the weather as it comes. The weather itself only seriously affects me, apart from solicitude for my surroundings, when the atmosphere is charged with electricity and there is "thunder in the air," which always depresses me terribly and fills me with a vague and unreasoning sense of undefined impending disaster.

It has been prognosticated that this weather is to last well into June; but at the moment I am out

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## Garden Mosaics

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of temper and bear in mind that scientific experts who examined Mont Pelée the day before its eruption gave assurances that there was no danger to be apprehended. I also can not help thinking that probably the same person who classified lies into lies, d—d lies, and statistics, must have tabulated liars of varying degrees into liars, d—d liars, and scientific experts. But, as already said, I am out of humor, perhaps more with the income-tax collector than the weather, and “across the barren desert of my brain there strays not even the starved camel of an idea.”

At present I am looking at things with what may be called a jaundiced eye, and the preparations which are going on for the coming coronation, the occupation of the Lord Chancellor hearing and deciding claims from the high and mighty to perform menial services, the defacement of Westminster Abbey and other churches and venerable public buildings with hoardings for sight-seers, the bacchanalian celebration of “Hogmanay Night” a short time ago, the sight of a British funeral with its ghastly nodding plumes and hired mourners, all parade themselves before



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## Suggestions

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my disordered vision and make me wonder whether the community I belong to is really an enlightened and civilized one. The coronation and the grotesqueness of its pageants makes me reflect how the gods must laugh, if their exercising any such human attribute is conceivable, to see poor humanity, who can not add a cubit to its stature, a day to its life, or control even any of the local physical forces which constantly threaten its very existence, masquerading and strutting about in its borrowed, or purchased, plumes. And yet, though I may not join in the festivities, I do not feel, as perhaps I should, "like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river rushed by." In my present frame of mind the celebration of events or commemorations by means of feasts and balls reminds me of the Saturnalia of ancient days, from which some of them differ only in degree; and as for a funeral, I can call to mind no savage rite among the many I have witnessed more humiliating to our vaunted enlightenment than a burial ordinance of the type I refer to. It seems clear that many of our rites and celebrations differ only in degree from those

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## Garden Mosaics

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belonging to stages of civilization which we despise. Sartor resartus! Shorn of our conventional outer garb, what are we? That is the question we should put to ourselves. Let us by all means do what we like and enjoy ourselves in any of the conventional ways we please; but let us not arrogate to ourselves the pride of superiority because our habits of convention differ a little from those of other classes and races.

Talking of the weather recalls to my mind that some years ago by the conditions of a postal contract service with a great government, which shall be nameless, the contractor was held responsible for delays caused not only by failures or breakdowns of machinery and matters of possible human control, but also for stress of weather and dense fogs, in which all locomotion became impossible. Of course, for adequate payment the risk of penalties arising from even uncontrollable causes might have been submitted to. But though the remuneration was less than bare the government remained immovable on the matter of human responsibility for the weather and "acts of God," and the obnoxious clause was not ex-

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## Suggestions

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punged until it was formally represented that however flattering it might be to the contractors that the powers of the Almighty should be attributed to them, they must humbly decline to assume the responsibility of exercising such exalted functions. This argument actually severed a strand of official red tape; but who of us, in any walk of life, is there who is not bound up in the red tape of convention?

What, however, has red tape to do with gardening? To which question I may answer—a great deal; since horticulture has at all times been and is now still to a great extent the slave of fashion and convention.

Returning to my own little gardening pursuits, I have acquired a number of plants, tubers, and roots of the Flame Nasturtium, *Tropæolum speciosum*, which I am anxious to grow. The form in which it was supplied to me varied. One nurseryman sent me growing plants in pots, another fine, healthy-looking tubers as large as a small hen's egg, and a third supplied a lot of long, thin, white roots. The instructions for planting which I have read are still more numerous and diverse.

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## Garden Mosaics

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The first of these is interesting, so I transcribe it for the benefit of my readers :

“ *T. speciosum* (Flame Nasturtium).

“ A Chilian climber.

“ Flowers June to September-October.

“ Best in light, deep loam, with the addition of peat, leaf soil, and sand. In summer a mulching of well-rotted manure is beneficial. Dislikes a scorching hot position—should be planted in a somewhat shaded place where there is plenty of moisture in the air, such as against bushes or hedges, with a west or northern aspect. Plant tubers in April or May—plants may be allowed to take care of themselves. If coddled too much are likely to be a failure, but so long as the soil is well drained and fairly good and the position partially shaded and not too cold, the plants will sooner or later establish themselves.

“ In the south it is almost impossible to establish it exposed to the full rays of the sun. A quantity of roots were placed in holes at the foot of a spreading young yew-tree, the soil not being disturbed farther than was necessary for covering the roots. For a couple of years these did

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## Suggestions

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nothing, but in the third year a vivid splash of vermilion on one of the branches of the yew showed that the plants were thriving, and they have since garlanded the dark foliage of the yew with an opulence of color that yearly increases in extent.

“Meanwhile, the plants which had been put in carefully selected situations and well looked after, perished.”

My first plants were put in nearly two years ago in accordance with these directions and have since not been disturbed. I shall possess my soul in patience for another year and then look out anxiously for a vivid splash on the yew and bushes under which the plants were placed.

With the tubers and roots I tried to follow the directions given by Mrs. Earle, who, quoting a friend, says that holes should be prepared quite four feet deep and filled with leaf mold and light earth. The roots, we are then told, are to be planted one foot below the surface, so that they shall have two feet of loose soil to work down into.

Now there is something wrong here, and the

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## Garden Mosaics

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arithmetic is clearly at fault. I can not follow the directions in their entirety, for if I make a hole four feet deep and leave the roots two feet of loose soil to work down into they will be two feet under the surface instead of one; and if I plant them one foot under the surface they will have three feet of loose earth under them instead of two. Perhaps allowance is made in the calculation for the roots being a foot long, which mine are not, and the tubers are only about two inches. I therefore solved the problem, especially as labor is a consideration with me, by making the holes three feet deep and placing the tubers so that they have one foot of soil above them and two beneath. They have been located in various likely shady spots, so I hope some of them will thrive.

The other day I sawed a slice off one of my blocks of the fallen elm branch, to make a rustic table-top, and I had the curiosity to count the rings in the cross-section. There were ninety-four of them, besides a homogeneous core of about an inch diameter in the center. As each ring must signify a year's growth, I suppose, therefore, the branch must be about a hundred years

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## Suggestions

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old and the tree possibly older. I wonder if there are in any parts of our bodies some similar indications of progressive age. The teeth, I am afraid, are very unreliable, nor do we go on growing all our life in superimposed layers, and if we did the better half of humanity would not exhibit cross-sections to general inspection, but would doubtless polish and furbish the outer layer to make it look fresh and young.

It has been foretold that in a certain number of generations, how many I do not know, the human race will have no hair and no teeth, both becoming atrophied from disuse and eventually, from hidden rudiments, like the coccyx, the appendix, and the hairy points to our ears, vanishing altogether.

If these modifications take place, which is quite possible, granted the unlimited time which evolutionary changes demand, and the human teeth retire before the invasion of chemical nourishment without waste, I think the probability has been lost sight of that the elaborate digestive and other organs designed for the assimilation of large masses of miscellaneous and chemically unpre-

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## Garden Mosaics

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pared food, must fall into disuse and vanish also. The necessary corollary will be a wasp-like waist and the gradual but certain ruin of the *corsetière*. Those who follow this calling—or should I say, pursue this industry?—if they are wise and far-seeing, will be careful to bring up their remote posterity to some other trade. This prudent advice is offered gratis and in all friendliness to a deserving and, I believe, frequently unremunerated class of industrious artistes.



Draussen auf grüner Au  
Blühen viel Blümchen blau  
Blühen Vergissmeinnicht  
Bis man sie bricht;  
Aber dann welken sie,  
Nur meine Liebe nie;  
Wenn auch das Herze bricht  
Sie Welket nicht.

Becker.

Outside there, fresh as dew,  
Blooms many a flower blue,  
Blooms the forget-me-not  
Till plucked. Its lot  
Then is to fade and die.  
With love it can not vie.  
E'en though all life is gone,  
Love still lives on.



## CHAPTER XIII

### BIRDS AND PHILOSOPHY



THE dear little turquoise forget-me-nots have gone, at least all those that were planted together in a large round bed, to make room for geraniums. They have been bedded away in snug rows to rest through the summer heat till they are ready to be planted out again in more conspicuous positions. A few of their brethren who inhabit shady corners have been left undisturbed, whilst their cousins, the water forget-me-nots, who live on the margin of "The Drain," are only just beginning to don their fine garments for the season and have not begun to flower yet. And when they do, how beautiful they are, and how they appeal to pleasant associations and reminiscences! The flower is so unpretentious and yet of such a perfect and pure color that it can not be overlooked or passed by unnoticed.

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## Garden Mosaics

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The turquoise, like the forget-me-nots, is prized also for the same color, and the stone is supposed to fade, like the flower. The turquoise that fades, however, is the Egyptian variety, which is said to be composed of petrified bone. The true turquoise from Persia and Tibet, which is a different mineral, does not lose its color or become paler.

Another attractive little flower which consoles me for the loss of the bed of forget-me-nots is the speedwell, or bird's-eye, as it is called in these parts. In the paddock and along a bank at the roadside not far from my gate there are large patches and masses densely packed with its vivid azure flowers, each one certainly looking very much like a pure blue eye.

The white hawthorn has only just saved its reputation and its flowering before May is out, and the lilacs and Dutch honeysuckles are covered with sweet-scented bloom-masses. Another shrub which fills the air with its perfume is the pale yellow azalea, of which there are a number of fine large old bushes in the garden. Those in the more exposed positions, however, are in poor-

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## Birds and Philosophy

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er condition than usual, many of the most advanced flower-buds having been injured by the late frosts. Some of the earlier rhododendrons are also in flower; but the guelder-rose is very late, fully a month behind last year.

The country is beautiful in its luxuriant fresh green clothing, and even the vegetation at the roadside is not tarnished by dust. Many of the meadows are bright golden sheets of buttercups, and the abundant rain has made the fool's-parsley run riot. I find it lasts in water and looks well if large bunches are grouped together in a good-sized vase or jar. In a shady corner of the paddock the plants are of enormous size and density and are fully four feet high.

Besides the forget-me-nots, the polyanthus, and most of the pansies, as space is deficient, have been put away; and the latter, still in vigorous growth owing to the generous moisture of the soil, continue flowering in a profusion of rich and gay colors. These rows of plants, which do not show a sign of somnolence, remind me of lively children who have been put into bed too early and can not go to sleep.

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## Garden Mosaics

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The birds all seem very happy; but I expect they do not realize that there will not be any cherries for them. They usually have such an unlimited supply from several large trees that I fear it will be a bitter disappointment when they find no fruit, almost all the blossoms having "gone blind," owing to the cold weather during the first half of the month. The ground is now thickly strewn with the flower-stalks. It seems very hard that our beautiful songsters should have to sing in vain and be deprived of their most cherished "price of the orchestra."

The starlings usually build in a greenhouse chimney and in the hollow of a very old mulberry stem. This year they have raised a brood in an old hothouse boiler-pipe, three of which pipes form a very stalwart tripod some eight or nine feet above the ground, and upon which I am growing three strong climbing roses. These are to be trained up the center through a triangle at the top, whence they can fall down and rampage at their own sweet will without fear of breaking down their support. It is not a sightly object at present and invariably calls forth inquiry and comment

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## Birds and Philosophy

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from my visitors. As it looks rather like the erection of a pit-head, I call it the "Kent Colliery." My theory is that usually, when climbing roses have attained their best growth on a support on the open lawn, the support gives way and what might be an object of great beauty is spoilt at its best stage of development. My tripod will not collapse or topple over in a gale of wind, even with a ton of rose branches hanging down from it. It is no doubt an eyesore now; but I shall triumph over scoffers when it braves the elements smothered in a heavy cataract of roses.

But I have wandered away from the starlings. They have also laid eggs and are rearing a brood in a compartment of one of the pigeon-houses. As the pigeons are always fighting among themselves and turn each other out of these compartments, I do not understand how they have come to let such intruders in. But they have, and one of the hostesses takes an occasional turn at sitting on the starling's eggs for her. It is evident, therefore, that my pigeons, in spite of domestic differences and brawls, are hospitable to strangers, like many human beings.

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## Garden Mosaics

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A great many new-fledged linnets are leaving their nests in the shrubs and there seem to be more young robins about since the cat has disappeared. The wood-pigeon coos softly and the song of the blackbird and the thrush cause the surrounding atmosphere to vibrate in soothing pulsations. The dainty little wagtail darts about the lawn impelled by the rapid running motion of his little feet, and on the fields he follows the harrow in the same perky, fascinating way.

I wonder if these birds suffer as we do from discontent, that human attribute which often brings upon its agent so much unrest and misery, though in reality it is the fount from which all advancement and progress springs? Discontent is generally condemned, and yet without it the mainspring by which we always move onward would be wanting. There would be no improvement or reform if we were all content to remain as we are and were satisfied with our surroundings, devoid of ambition. The restless dissatisfaction and desire for change are implanted in us to work our own advancement; and the contented spirit, however much we may admire and envy



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## Birds and Philosophy

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it the peace and resignation it brings, is not a product of the selection of the fittest to lead us on to the goal of our destiny.

All the same, there is little fortitude or heroism in taking every opportunity to air one's discontent openly when no special object of direct advancement can be served thereby, especially when that discontent is less with one's self than with the circumstances in which one lives, caused, perhaps, or contributed to, by one's own short-sightedness, selfishness, and folly. The discontent of those whose objects in life are confined to their own insatiable craving for pleasure outside their natural surroundings is not the useful and valuable quality I speak of and must not be confounded with it.

It seems easy to say that the circumstances surrounding us may be brought about by our own folly, and so they may. But what is folly, and what is wisdom, absolute? Is there any real standard, not conditional or conventional, by means of which wisdom and folly can be measured, defined, and separated from one another?

Adherence to what is usually called principle

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## Garden Mosaics

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can not always be wisdom, for circumstances may be found in which the rigid exercise of any given principle may be wrong, and merely the lesser of two evils. This being the case, it is clear the wise course is not always the "right" course, and here we are face to face with the important question: What is right and what is wrong? which I do not propose to attempt to answer, at all events for the present.

There can be no doubt, at least, that ethics and morality are matters of convenience, and that the entire codes of manners, morals, and laws have been evolved on a utilitarian basis. The manners, morals, and laws of human communities often differ very widely from one another, thus adding proof to their local conventional origin and growth. Laws are of course merely the crystallization of convenient and conventional methods which have by gradual progress been arrived at for the mutual protection of individuals and communities. If the rights of person and property were violable with impunity neither the one nor the other would be safe from destruction or free to work its own advancement. And if the mar-

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## Birds and Philosophy

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riage laws were relaxed the proper care and bringing up of the rising generation would at once be imperiled.

Much might be said on this important subject, but I am not going to allow my remarks to develop into a lengthy essay here.

An example of positive and absolute evil and immorality occurs to me, and there may be many others. It is the trade-unions, as many of them are administered at present, by whose regulations the standard of capacity is deliberately leveled down to the lowest grade instead of being impelled toward the highest excellence. Could any human suicidal organization work on lines less moral and less in accord with the priceless impulse of nature toward advancement by selection of the highest and the fittest?



The year of the rose is brief;  
From the first blade blown to the sheaf,  
From the thin green leaf to the gold,  
It has time to be sweet and grow old,  
To triumph and leave not a leaf. . . .  
Swinburne.



## CHAPTER XIV

### ROSES AND PHILOLOGY

**I**F not with sunshine from the central and chief orb of our solar system, June came in with the beneficent sunshine of peace after a painful and protracted war, and I do not doubt that the whole nation glowed as I did with the satisfaction of relief, the removal of a heavy oppressive cloud, and the prospect of reconciliation with a people with whom we had for so long been battling at such terrible loss and suffering on both sides.

On the first of June I found a "May beetle," as the Germans call it, a cockchafer, in the garden, an insect I had not seen for many years. I had, however, very vivid recollections of it from a plague of cockchafers I had witnessed in Germany somewhere about the year 1860. On that occasion such countless numbers appeared that the entire district was literally covered with them,

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## Garden Mosaics

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and I remember going out into the woods and seeing the foliage densely packed with them, in many cases two or three deep, so that the branches of the trees were bent down and also frequently broken by their weight. The little street boys used to eat the beetles.

I once also witnessed, what I believe is an uncommon occurrence, a storm of crickets. They were suddenly blown, like a squall, into the town in Ecuador, where I was residing, in dense masses and heaped against the bases of the walls like hail-drifts. They were carried into verandas and open doors and windows; and the houses, where they did considerable damage, were not entirely free from them for a month or more afterward. Walking in the streets, for some hours after the downpour, it was impossible to avoid scrunching crickets at every step.

During the early part of the month the paddock looked very pretty with its patches of small blue-bells, purple orchids, speedwell, and a bright little vetch. I sowed some cowslip seed in the early spring and harebell the year before, but neither have come up. The latter graceful little flower I



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## Roses and Philology

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have strewn the seed of in various positions, but without success. There is none of it in the neighborhood and apparently it does not find this locality congenial.

Notwithstanding the want of sun until the latter half of the month, the shrubberies maintained a good appearance. The yellow azaleas, which had had many of their buds destroyed by the late frosts, seemed to get a new lease of life and bloomed profusely, whilst the foliage shrubs were further set off by the unusually excellent flowering of the guelder-rose and rhododendrons of varied hue—white, pale lilac, mauve, scarlet, and a deep purple mauve, which recalled to my mind the rich, full tone of the magnificent *Bougainvillea spectabilis* when in all the glory of its proper element.

The roses are late this year, a Gloire de Dijon on the south wall of the house being the first. One day I counted on it one hundred and eighteen open and half-open flowers, apart from many more buds to follow.

Reine Marie Henriette on the "Kent Colliery" has had some flowers of exquisite form and color,

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## Garden Mosaics

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but not many of them, owing to its extreme youth. It is a most beautiful rose. Others of surpassing beauty which have been flowering are Caroline Testout and White Lady. But among roses one is lost, and for my own part I really do not know whether I prefer these to others, such as Captain Christy, La France, Grace Darling, Marie van Houtte, Margaret Dickson, Kaiserin Augusta, Victoria L'Idéal, Maréchal Niel, and many more of equally faultless tint and form. Among the dark ones, too, can such rich beauty as Reynold's Hole and La Rosiere, *alias* Prince Camille de Rohan, be surpassed? They are all flowering, along with many others, and each one, as one contemplates it, seems the best.

The Spanish iris have been very fine, taller, and bearing much larger flowers than usual.

All the summer flowers are coming on rapidly with the succession of plentiful rain and generous sunshine they have had and their vigorous growth has filled the beds to repletion. A flower I rather regret not having sown is Calliopsis, or Coreopsis. I do not know the derivation of these two names, but I take them to be equivalents and one a cor-

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## Roses and Philology

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ruption of the other, forming an example of the interchangeable l and r which occurs so frequently in many languages. A Chinaman always pronounces an r like an l, and Isaac Taylor in his interesting work, *The Alphabet*, tells us that the Japanese r answers to the Chinese l and its sign has the same origin; that in Egyptian, as in some other languages, no clear distinction existed between r and l, and that the primitive Semitic alphabet probably only possessed one sign for both. In the edicts of Asoka the letters are interchanged, "raja" in some copies being written "laja." In various countries, both east and west, I have noticed that l and n are also frequently interchanged, and I have sometimes heard such a well-known name as Lucknow pronounced Nucklow.

These facts once served as text for the following dedication:

### TO LOLA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

(A philological analysis)

Interchangeable letters philologists say  
Occur in most languages: therefore they may  
Not only be looked for in words, but as well  
In names, where they often get mixed up pell-mell.

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## Garden Mosaics

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The r and the l, and the l and the n  
We know often stand for each other; so then,  
By the simplest of reasoning, who dare so bar  
The right to use v for an l or an r.

If consonants thus can be handled so free,  
The rule for the vowels sure the same one must be.  
We may therefore prohibit all persons to say  
We are wrong when we write down an e for an a.

Our principles settled, we'll now demonstrate  
And in order our story at once to narrate,  
We'll select a sweet name an Italian would know  
Is composed of two articles—la, also—lo.

The masculine one perhaps first placed should be,  
But philology is not politeness, you see,  
And the name of the subject of this dissertation  
It is clear can not end with a male termination.

Two sexes are therefore established and then,  
Being close to each other, like women and men,  
They, instead of endeav'ring to cut the connection  
Unite into monosyllabic affection.

The student who's earnest and follows all this  
The drift of the argument never can miss;  
For plainer nowhere can be shown than above,  
By reason and logic, that Lola is love.

The warm weather makes one feel very slack  
and one can imagine the delight of realizing the

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## Roses and Philology

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Italian "dolce far niente." I have read that there is a delicious Spanish proverb, which is a good equivalent, to the effect that—The ideal of life is never to work between meals. I have not come across or heard the original, which I suppose would run somewhat as follows: *El ideal de la vida es de nunca trabajar entre comidas.* Both these aphorisms are such as the idle or languid may cherish as refreshments in the dog-days.

While on the subject of maxims, the German one which I realize in obverse and reverse, almost daily, more than any other, is Goethe's dictum: "Vor den Wissenden sich stellen, sicher ist's in allen Fällen," which, however, I find it rather difficult to render literally into English. The meaning of it is: "With wisdom there can be no misunderstanding." One certainly realizes constantly that with stupidity there can be, and that misunderstandings constantly arise from lack of knowledge, most discords being due to ignorance on one side or the other. Where full knowledge and complete wisdom exists there can be no room for misconception or misjudgment, and even a disagreement becomes merely an agreement to

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## Garden Mosaics

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differ. In dealing with or representing matters to the wise, one may at all events always feel safe; whilst in treating with ignorance, both matter and motive are likely to be misunderstood. "Tout savoir; c'est tout pardonner."

But the French saying I like best and which recurs to my mind with the greatest force and frequency is: "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!" How often does one not see this forcibly illustrated! And in one's maturer years how often is it not brought home to one to regret that the power no longer exists for the performance of what once might perhaps easily have been achieved had only the requisite knowledge or discernment not been lacking!

The light speaks wide and loud  
From deeps blown clean of cloud  
As though day's heart were proud  
And heaven's were glad. . . .

Swinburne.





## CHAPTER XV

### MIDSUMMER ROSES



**I**N July the scene changes again and the colors of the garden kaleidoscope have rearranged themselves. Instead of with the blooms of rhododendron, azalea, and guelder-rose, the shrub-beries are now decked with tall foxgloves, delphiniums, and an occasional lily in amongst the bushes, whilst the beds are radiant with old-fashioned sweet-williams, Canterbury bells, campanulas, and snapdragons, together with early gladioli, phlox, petunias, and verbenas. All the flowers have been extraordinarily large this year and have shown an unusual development. The Canterbury bells have been veritable good-sized bushes and the sweet-williams almost like groups of miniature trees with great, thick, strong stems. The verbenas are growing with unwonted luxuriance and the carnations have masses of flowers upon them.

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## Garden Mosaics

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In place of the Gloire de Dijon and the Dutch honeysuckle on the house, the rich, warm colors of the crimson Rambler and the Clematis Jackmanni are substituted in glorious profusion. I read the other day that the crimson Rambler "does not thrive on a south wall." It would, however, be hard to find one growing more vigorously or flowering more profusely than the one growing on the south wall of this house. Since it has been tended and manured two years ago it has each summer thrown up fresh shoots ten feet long and has been wreathed in dense masses of blossoms.

The shrubberies really owe most of their brightness, however, to their being studded with roses growing between the shrubs and through them. Parts of the garden are almost dominated by this rose, the red damask (Gallica) I take it to be, and in some beds the red and white striped one, *Rosa Mundi* (?). The former seems almost indestructible. It had virtually taken possession of portions of the shrubberies and was forcing such hardy shrubs as aucubas, berberis, and other things out of existence. I had it pulled up and

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## Midsummer Roses

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rooted out wholesale where it was too strong; but this seems to have done it no harm and it has sprung up again everywhere in fresher vigor than before. A lot of it has been planted among laurels in a newer shrubbery, where it seems to have established itself well. It is a most beautiful object and goes on adorning the somber shrubs with its brilliant red blooms, which continue to succeed one another longer than any other rose in the garden, being usually continuously covered with flowers the whole of July and part of August.

At the end of January many of the roses got their leaves entirely shriveled up, as if they had been burnt, from a northeast gale, which lasted three days and nights, and I felt glad I had protected the necks of the recently planted ones, which might otherwise have succumbed. As it turned out, I only lost one, a Duchesse de Caylus, and all the rest have flourished and flowered well. A Maréchal Niel on a south porch was in bud in April. In addition to those already mentioned, I must especially also record the beauty of Maman Cochet, Moire, Baroness Rothschild, Duchess of Albany, and Duke of Wellington.

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## Garden Mosaics

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Where paths cross at right angles in the kitchen-garden I have erected two quadruple sets of arches. One has at its four corners climbing Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Perle des Jardins, Maréchal Niel, and Beaute Lyonnaise, and the other climbing La France, Captain Christy, Mrs. W. J. Grant, and Waltham Climber. On another single arch I have planted Gruss an Teplitz and Marguerite Appert. They have all flowered and next year I hope I will make a good show. Perle des Jardins I thought particularly beautiful and a serious competitor with the Maréchal, whose flower it resembles.

At the end of the month the roses have finished flowering; but a second crop of Canterbury bells is coming on, seeing which I went patiently through the long job of snipping off all the dead flowers of the first crop, one by one.

Three rows of sweet-peas I had cut down with shears to about half their height, trimming in also the sides, and they are now responding to the treatment with a fresh crop of flowers. The carnations have been most prolific, too, and the *Antirrhinums* equally so.





It Served as a Cradle for so many Attractive Objects.

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## Midsommer Roses

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A water-hen has built a nest and filled it with eggs up in an ivy-clad tree-trunk overhanging "The Drain," and farther up, just above my boundary, two broods of wild duck are swimming about, adding further charm to this despised bit of water.

Two years ago I planted one of the beautiful American brambles in various different positions. All the plants withered and disappeared long since; but lately two of them have sprung up again in the moister sites chosen on the margin of the brook, as I think I must now in common justice call "The Drain," since it serves as a cradle for so many attractive objects.

It is thus that we often eventually discover good in an unattractive and evil guise, which causes the reflection as to whether evil must not also have its uses in working toward the universal goal to which all things tend and unconsciously strive. Discontent is the source from which progress springs, and may not perhaps other bad qualities or attributes also have their uses? May it not be, if we had only eyes to see and brains to discern clearly, that in envy, hatred, malice, and

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## Garden Mosaics

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all uncharitableness is enclosed some kernel which nurtures another germ of advancement? May not envy be the outcome of emulation and a desire for improvement, hatred of an aversion to evil, malice of a somewhat too pronounced faculty to assail the unsympathetic and discordant? And may not uncharitableness arise from an over-strong sense of self-preservation?

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,” and profitable perhaps also is the use of evil. There are many puzzles in life and this is one of them, though some day we shall no doubt unravel the web which at present obscures the precise manner in which certain evils work for good and perform a necessary function in “the great scheme.” Of course it is clear enough that some evils, that is to say, violations of the laws of nature, bring their own direct consequences, destroying the individual for the benefit of the community, not only by the removal of an adverse and retarding influence, but also by a swifter redistribution of matter and force for vitalizing absorption into the more regular units of nature who do not infringe its laws or impede its forward march.



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## Midsommer Roses

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Another puzzle to me of a different kind has always been, not how an apple is got into a dumpling, but how it is we are still taught that Pharaoh's host was drowned in the Red Sea instead of Lake Serbonis. We know, of course, that the Pharaoh of the Exodus, Menephtah II, did not perish himself with his host, as his body was found a few years ago at Dayr el Bahri, and may still be seen in Egypt in an excellent state of preservation. Milton, when he wrote *Paradise Lost*, about 1665, evidently knew where the Egyptian army must have been engulfed, for he refers to

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Cassius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk. . . .

Of course he may have had in mind the destruction of the invading Persian army of Artaxerxes; but why is it that the mistranslation of the name Yam Souf into the Red Sea, instead of into its real meaning—the Sea of Weeds, or Reeds, by which name Lake Serbonis was known—was not set right in the revised translation of the Bible in 1884, ten years after Brugsch had pub-

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## Garden Mosaics

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lished his lucid exposition on the subject? The French Bible falls into our error; but the German, I see, renders Yam Souf correctly into Schilfmeer. I commend to my readers the interesting study of Brugsch's Discourse on The Exodus and the Monuments, in intervals of repose snatched from gardening operations.

I am bored in the morning, bored in the  
afternoon, and bored in the evening.

Modern Play.



## CHAPTER XVI

### GARDENS AND LIFE



THE most noticeable flowers I have in August are the asters, geraniums, petunias, stocks, carnations, and phloxes. The antirrhinums seem to be always present and give almost perpetual color to the beds. I have been striving for some time past to weed out the pale, washed-out colors, preserving only the rich ones with a few white and clean yellows. The scarlet gladioli and some of the other autumn-flowering ones have also added materially to the brightness. The Japanese anemones are announcing the approaching end of summer by beginning to flower very early.

The phloxes are very large and bountiful and the carnations have been bearing masses of flower-spikes of unusual size right up to the end of the month. There has been little sun and much moisture, so that watering has never been neces-

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## Garden Mosaics

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sary. The absence of sunlight and warmth has kept back the Canterbury bells and their second crop of flowers has not come out till nearly the end of the month, when it has been profuse, though the individual flowers have been small. The roses are just commencing to awake into bloom again, after their summer sleep.

My hollyhocks from seed, sown this year, have for the most part done well. They have grown to a full height and flowered, with the exception of some planted in a bed near a walnut-tree. These at first throve wonderfully well and looked strong and healthy till they were about two feet high, when they began to dwindle and finally almost died away altogether, whilst their fellows continued to flourish in a more congenial locality.

One of my *Lilium Giganteum* blossomed its first year, sending up a strong stalk about five feet high, crowned with light, beautiful white trumpets lined inside with delicate pale purple. I hope they will all do better next year.

One of the *Tropæolums* which I was waiting for has flowered already. It is one of the large tubers previously referred to, and turns out to be,

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## Gardens and Life

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not *speciosum*, which I ordered and wanted, but *tuberosum*, which I care for much less. I have a great mind to name the person who sold it me and took advantage of my ignorance.

The moles have been terribly active, worse than I have known them before, and there is hardly a patch in the garden they have not furrowed. A number of them have been caught; but they have damaged all the lawns and have completely spoilt several flower-beds. The season seems to have been particularly favorable to them, and the variety of drawbacks the gardener has to contend with never seems to end, and provides constant occupation.

This is, however, an age of variety entertainment, in which the brains of most people, as Max Nordau so graphically points out, are distracted sorely from staple thought and concentration. The growing competition for wealth, luxury, and increased comfort has reached an unwholesome stage of development, and sooner or later I hope some reaction toward a simpler, staid life will set in. At present the turmoil of the race for supremacy, both individual and na-

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## Garden Mosaics

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tional, is most unsettling, and the human mind has but little repose for quiet contemplation, introspection, and growth in grace. That a garden is no doubt itself a variety entertainment I will not attempt to deny; it is, however, a healthy and calming one, moles notwithstanding. But many people seemed discontented unless life generally presents itself to them as a perpetual variety entertainment, and have every appearance of considering it hardly worth living immediately it ceases to be one. The lack of repose, like advertisement, is the bane of the age.

I always try to discern some true meaning and ultimate moral trend in all social phenomena, and I think that perhaps even variety entertainments may serve some useful purpose, or at least be regarded as having some important or instructive signification.

Variety, or variation, as every horticulturist, every student of Darwin, and every breeder of animals knows, is the first necessary step toward selection and improvement of the species, and without it there could be no separation and selection, either humanly designed or naturally



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## Gardens and Life

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cumulative, of the best or fittest, since all would be on a dead level, exactly alike. Imagine what the organic world would be if there had been no variation! If we go far enough back it would never have passed the simple protozoic stage. There would be no multiformity of species and so complex an organism as the human animal, or, indeed, any other animal or plant, would never have been developed. As discontent covers the mainspring actuating moral and material improvement, so does variety or variation from type contain the whole essential condition which renders advancement at all possible. It may thus easily be seen that the craving for variety has a most important biological significance and is perhaps part of the inherent natural craving tendency of all living forms to bring about that first indispensable condition out of which their improvement can take its birth, and without which they must remain doomed to everlasting stagnation.

And yet, though the advance from protozoon to humanity has been so great, what vast and endless cumulation of selected variation remains to

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## Garden Mosaics

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be achieved in order to bring the sensory instruments to an adequate refinement and sensitiveness to appreciate even phenomena already vaguely known, and to bring the brain into a condition of capacity to effectively command the exercise of reason and the subordination of sentiment and impulse into profitable bounds! And the further almost infinite advancement which is requisite before we can be in a position to appreciate and understand "the unknown" is so far off that we must leave it where it is, "behind the veil," among the hidden secrets of nature, which it is profitless for us even to try to speculate upon at present.

Instead of indulging in the luxury of grief or hopelessness at our deficiencies, let us rather endeavor, like true philosophers, while fulfilling our individual mission to the best of our lights, to get out of our brief span such enjoyments as come within our reach. Too many of these are missed in the vain pursuit of those amusements which George Cornwall Lewis considered render life intolerable, while most of us are to each other like "ships that pass in the night," and lose, often

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## Gardens and Life

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owing as much to the sway of convention as to the personal reserve, many opportunities of pleasant intercourse. Even where at first sight there may be a sufficient germ of mutual sympathy to engender intercommunication, an impassable barrier of convention often springs up, defying assault and effectually barring the desired coalescence; and thus we go through our short spell of life dull and alone, where we might be cheerfully and sociably entertained.

Although life itself is no doubt eternal, its accompaniments, phases, or manifestations are ephemeral, and even the best-established popularity fades like other tender blossoms. Absence of variety alone seems sufficient to account for this; for the human mind must move onward, steadfast only on the constant change necessary toward progression. Remarkable testimony to the truth of this view is presented by the fact that the public always endeavors to perpetuate for as long a period as possible their appreciation of exemplary deeds and conduct by the erection of memorials in stone and metal, which, perishable as they are, are still felt to be more enduring than

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## Garden Mosaics

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the ever-changing human mind. Feeling that we *shall* forget, "lest we forget" we are fain to contrive mnemonics which shall attest the transient feebleness of our own memories and impressions and which shall certify to all beholders that the achievements thus commemorated must quickly wane and disappear in the onward rush. When I see great monuments, tombs, and statues I often wonder whether all their subjects would or do regard them as really complimentary, and not as standing evidence that their memories must otherwise rapidly pass away.

For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight:  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?

Milton.



## CHAPTER XVII

### SOME OLD-TIME FAVORITES

**I** WONDER how many thousand miles I have walked round my garden! I suppose, in any case, I must have traveled in it as far in a year as the distance many people traverse in a twelve-month's travel abroad.

Lately I happened to light upon that most charming of garden books, *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, which I had not read for many years, and I have been reading it again with the greatest interest and delight. It is a perfect storehouse of the natural-historic facts of garden life, love, and legend, all set forth in a pleasing and picturesque manner unequalled in any other book that I know of. The spirit of the author is shown sufficiently where, in contemplating the marvelous increase from a tiny seed of evening primrose into countless and interminable generations of beautiful,

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## Garden Mosaics

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sweet-scented plants, he says (I will translate for the benefit of the purely English reader, at the risk of spoiling the original): "Ah! I now understand the joy vouchsafed to Thine elect which I have sometimes smiled at ironically; that ineffable joy of seeing Thee face to face. I understand it by the delight which I experience in the contemplation of the smallest of Thy works, hidden away in the greensward or secluded in the foliage. O Lord! when I give myself up to the contemplation of nature, it seems to me that Thou art no longer hidden from view but by a veil so transparent that the lightest breath of air would raise it. O Lord! what do those . . . people want who ask for miracles, and those other . . . people who relate them? Is there a single blade of grass which is not a miracle far above the mythologies of all times and of all nations? O Lord! does not the least of Thy insects speak to me more eloquently of Thy power than those ridiculous advocates who have the insolence to defend Thee as a culprit and to discuss Thee in their folly and vacuity?"

Talking on the life of insects and reflecting how



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## Some Old-Time Favorites

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in their metamorphosis, first as an ugly larva, leading a lowly and obscure life; then as a pupa encased in a shroud and to all appearance lifeless; and finally emerging from this sarcophagus clothed perhaps in the richest colors, with dazzling wings which permit the image to raise itself aloft, above the earth where it has hitherto only crawled, our author says: "And this life of ours which we lead on the earth, is it really our perfect state? That which we call death, is it really the end of life? Shall we not also have to take wing and soar up toward the sun, above the level of all the miseries and passions and wants of a primary state of existence?"

Individual existence, as I have said, is but a transitory condition or phase of the eternal life of matter and force, which themselves may both be one, and yet in our weakness and folly we lay great store by our so-called possessions. My fascinating author, Alphonse Karr, says: "I remembered how small were my wants and desires; the greatest, the surest, and the most independent of fortunes," and again: "What a strange thing is this *possession* of which men are so envious!

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## Garden Mosaics

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When I possessed nothing, I had the forests and the meadows, the sea and the heavens with all their stars; but ever since I have bought this old house and garden, I have nothing else. Possession is a contract by which we renounce everything that is not enclosed within a definite limited boundary.

“There are moments when I ask myself whether perchance our minds may not be so turned that we call poverty that which is splendor and riches, and opulence that which is misery and nakedness.”

Most of us certainly evince but very little appreciation of the wealth and pleasure which might surround us if we only gave ourselves up to their assimilation. We look at most things in an ignorant, distorted way, and it is difficult to say which of us are sane and reasonable and which are witless and irrational. “Dans toutes les grandes villes, il y a un hôpital pour les insensés; c’est que, en y renfermant quelques pauvres diables sous le nom de fous, on fait croire aux étrangers que ceux qui sont hors de cet hôpital ne sont pas.”

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## Some Old-Time Favorites

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Among the distinguished residents in the shape of roses who have settled in my garden and adorned it most during the month of September were *General Jacqueminot*, *Captain Hayward*, *Heinrich Schultheis*, *Fisher Holmes*, *Camile Bernardin*, *Captain Christy*, *Tom Wood*, *Oscar Cordel*, *Dr. Andry*, and the *Dukes of Teck* and *Wellington*. They were accompanied by *La France* and *La Rosière*, whilst the following graceful and lovely ladies added further charm to the scene: The *Duchesses de Morny* and of *Albany*, *Lady Helen Stewart*, *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, *Mrs. John Laing*, *Marie Baumann*, *Grace Darling*, *White Lady*, *Clara Watson*, *Caroline Testout*, *Marie van Houtte*, *Maman Cochet*, and *Madame Berard*. These all displayed their beauties satisfactorily in their second bloom of the year, the *Tea* and *Noisette* class especially producing small but well-shaped flowers. *Bouquet D'Or* and *L'Ideal* also contributed a fair amount of blossom.

My bed of *Salpiglossis*, which I looked forward to with such high expectation, has been a great disappointment, and I have derived from it no pleasure but that of anticipation, and then I saw

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## Garden Mosaics

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finally that the season was too far advanced to cherish any further illusions about it. So I had to root out the poor weakly plants, decayed for want of sun and from excess of moisture, and buried my hopes in the earth with the wallflowers which shortly afterward occupied the ground.

The roses went a long way to assuage my grief over the failure of the *Salpiglossis*; but even in regard to those, I reflected in my bitterness with Grant Allen that after all, for all the poets have said and sung, the rose itself is strictly utilitarian and does not exist purely for our delectation. "You help me, and I will help you," it says to the butterfly; "and it keeps the sternest possible debtor and creditor account with all its benefactors." The previous summer, which was hot and dry, when I had not aspired to a whole bed of *Salpiglossis*, those I had in various positions throve well and bore magnificent blossoms of the most gorgeous colors.

The sweet-peas, which were sown in October and were cut down in July, are still flowering freely, and some of those sown in the spring and cut down in August promise to go on producing

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## Some Old-Time Favorites

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bloom for a long time yet. I have been much pleased with the excellent results of pruning these beautiful plants. When by plucking the flowers they can no longer be kept in check and form seed-pods freely, I cut them down with shears to about eighteen inches to two feet from the ground, clipping off also all the side shoots and pods below that level. With the administration of water and a little liquid manure they then come on again and the new growth flowers almost as vigorously as before.

The large pink mallow has been quite a feature in the garden and has been covered with masses of flowers. The moist season seems to have suited it, though many of the roses have suffered from mildew. I have applied the remedy so strongly recommended by Dean Hole, namely, soot, and many of the bushes, therefore, are very unsightly and unapproachable.

The second crop of flowers is still on the Canterbury bells and a few foxgloves have struggled into bloom again, whilst a number of lilies, chiefly *auratum* and *speciosum*, show their beautiful heads through the shrubs.

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## Garden Mosaics

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Toward the end of the month some of the tallest dahlias got their heads nipped by the frost. The season has been most unfavorable to them, and owing to lack of heat they developed too late to produce such fine flowers as they have done in more congenial conditions. Still, *J. W. Wilkinson*, *Night*, *Exquisite*, *The Prince of Yellows*, and *Red Rover* gave a good account of themselves. The last of these I have grown two successive years when the conditions of moisture and temperature have been entirely different, and it has shown itself to be not only the handsomest but also the hardiest of all the cactus tribe I have had. Its habit is all that can be required of a dahlia. The plant is tall, strong, and loosely constructed, and its magnificent flowers protrude well out of the foliage on long, tough stalks, so that the individual blooms and the plant as a whole are most gorgeous and attractive objects.

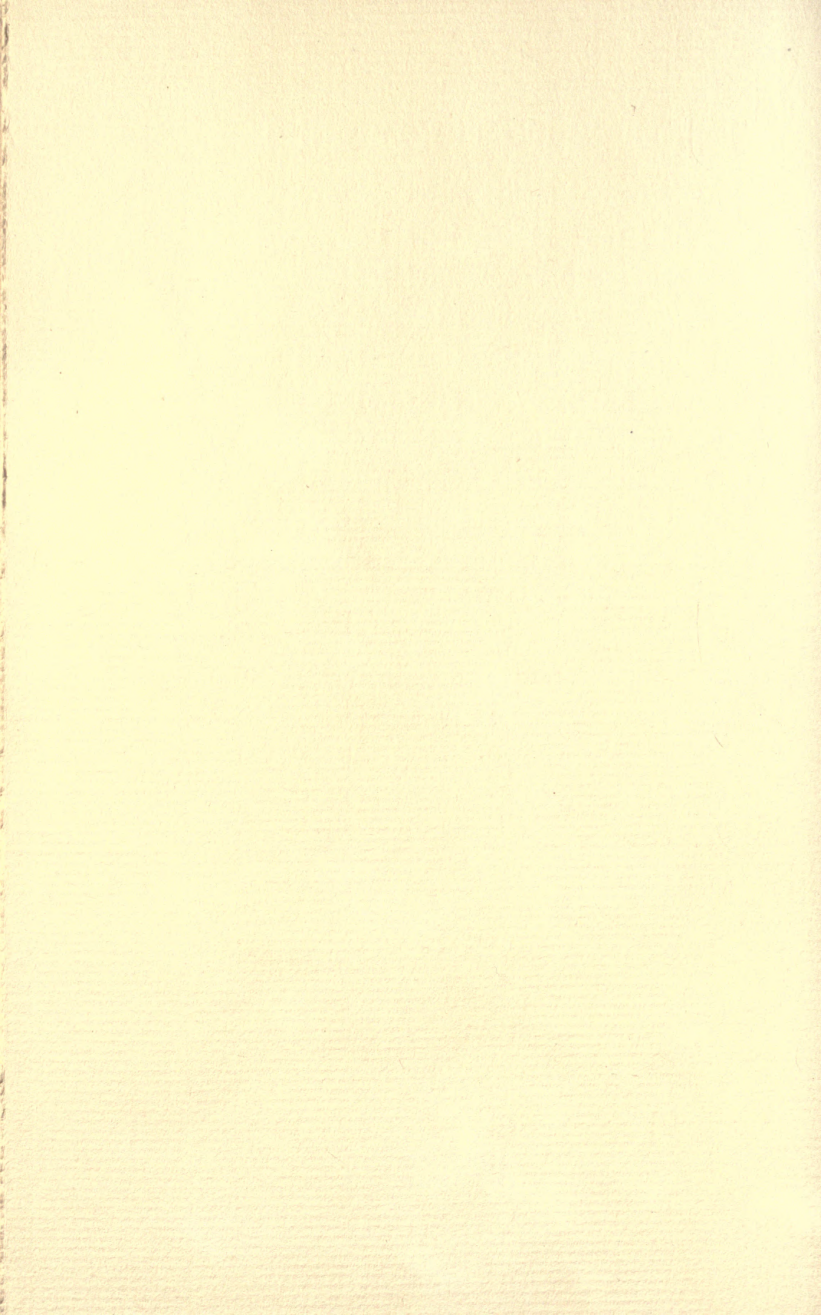
The *Delphiniums* which were cut down have grown up again and are flowering; but they evidently now begin to realize that spring has not come yet and their colors are but a poor imitation of their real summer dress.

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## Some Old-Time Favorites

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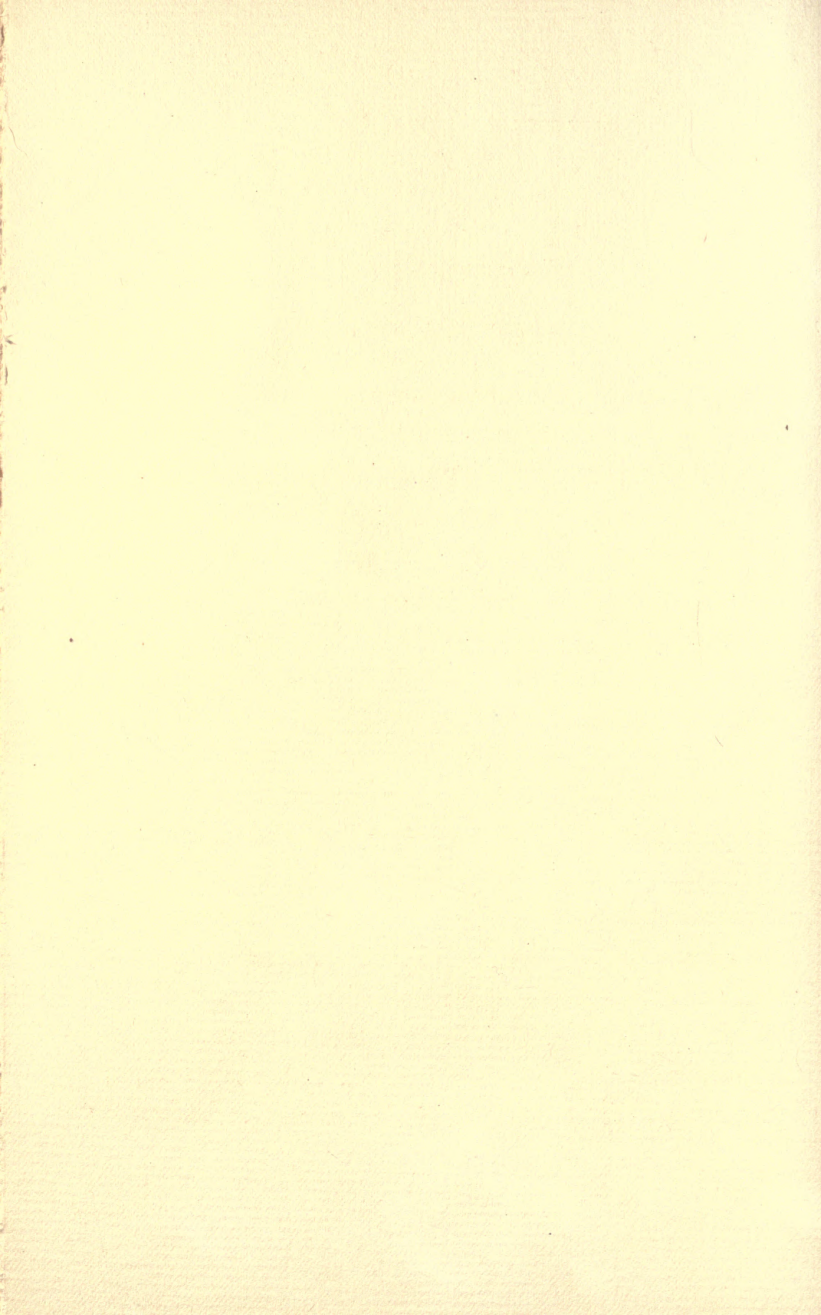
Some of the anemones also seem to have mistaken the season and have burst into bloom. Alphonse Karr relates how this flower was originally brought to France from India, more than two centuries ago, by a Monsieur Bachelier, who declined for ten years to distribute it. But his selfish design was frustrated by a magistrate who visited him in his robes of office, which he trailed over some of the precious plants while in seed, carrying away some of the seeds which attached themselves to the wool of his garment.





They who see but one in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth, unto none else, unto none else.

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### AUTUMNAL FORECAST



ALWAYS know when a woman has been in my dressing-room by the slope of the mirror, and I also know when a member of the same captivating sex has been denuding the garden of flowers. In October this would not be so very difficult of accomplishment were it not that in addition to roses there are still quantities of sweet-peas with plenty of buds to follow.

The *Clematis Duchess of Albany* has a quantity of flowers on it and has shown a wonderful growth and development; but in my view this is worthy of a better cause and I can not care for the plant, notwithstanding the glowing terms in which I sometimes see it described in catalogues. I find I am unable to evoke any emotion in its behalf, which perhaps is not surprising when I confess to holding the opinion that the seat of the emotions is below the diaphragm, whatever senti-

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## Garden Mosaics

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mentalists may have asserted to the contrary and however much they may talk about the heart. It is a trite saying that a man's heart is in his stomach; but there is much more truth in it than those who say it, thinking only of man's "gormandize," imagine. Where, I would ask, in a healthy subject, are such emotions as love, affection, disappointment, depression, and sorrow felt? And where is the sensation when the "heart sinks"? Not above the diaphragm, though exciting emotions like anger, hatred, and their fellows may accelerate the action of the heart. I am afraid "the heart" is often only a poetic euphemism for the stomach, and this is perhaps most strongly evidenced in the French expression "mal au cœur."

This dissertation on anatomy reminds me of the boy's answer on being asked to describe the human body: "The human body consists of three parts, the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head contains the brain; the thorax contains the heart and the lungs, and the abdomen contains the vowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y."

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## Autumnal Forecast

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How very nearly accurate is the boy's definition of truth as an attitude of the mind in which we believe "what we know to be untrue," instead of "what we do not know to be true." Where knowledge comes in at the door, faith flies out at the window.

In many ways, with all our boasted knowledge and ripe experience, we still behave with the simplicity of childhood. Why, else, do we pay the doctor when we are ill, instead of when we are well, suspending his fees, as the Chinese are said to do, so long as our health fails?

A favorite author of mine has it that a sure test of youth is the ability to eat a boggy bun just before a meal, and no doubt it is an excellent proof of juvenility. But a surer and more general test, I notice, is the cocksureness of youth. Doubts only come thick with the ashes, when the beautiful fire of hope and confidence is burning low, and when our future looms behind us, when "cold wisdom judges severely all that it can no longer do, calls loss of appetite sobriety, the stagnation of the blood the return of reason, and envious impotence the disdain of what is futile." I always

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## Garden Mosaics

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think when I see young people exhibiting failings inherent in youth that they are after all only suffering from one of the temporary maladies which time must cure, and from a malady, moreover, which many of us would like to enjoy.

Life is a wonderful thing, whether in youth or in age, in its earliest protoplasmic dawn or in the zenith of its development in the lord of the animal kingdom. But what is life and what is the test of life? The test of life is, I imagine, generally acknowledged to be the capability of response to stimulus. That, however, being the case, Professor Bose has shown conclusively that living response in all its varied manifestations is exhibited by what is known as the inorganic as well as by the organic. He demonstrates in a series of patient and convincing experiments that metals betray evidences of response precisely similar to those which are accepted in the organic as the unfailing testimony of life; that the response in metals may be stimulated and repressed by the administration of exciting or depressing drugs, and that there is no break of continuity in the essential condition of life between the inorganic

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## Autumnal Forecast

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and the organic. Both, under varied conditions, may live or fade or die, and their death may be encompassed by either of the causes, over-excitement, over-fatigue, or excessive depression. The world of matter is thus shown not to be swayed by an unknown and mystic force called vitality, but in its stead to be dominated by physical laws which know no change and whose wonderful workings we should make it our duty and interest to try to fathom and understand. What a marvelous bridge does this new revelation construct, connecting the inorganic world with the organic, demonstrating further the unity of all nature and the universal, equal, and unfailing operation of its laws! Would any ordinary person hitherto have thought it possible that a sheet of zinc or copper could feel and respond to stimulating or depressing influences, with evidences of excitement, fatigue, and prostration precisely similar to those exhibited by organic matter? The very terms organic and inorganic seem doomed to lose their significance since the sharp dividing line between them has been erased.

Thus does knowledge, as the result of patient

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## Garden Mosaics

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and persevering research, progress; and where will it eventually lead us to, as our brains become more and more familiar with the simple explanation, by the working of universal natural law, of what we now regard as mystery? There is no standing still, and the only repose in nature is that of study, constant, relentless, and everlasting motion onward, calm, unerring, un pitying, and inexorable.

Of what significance, in all this stupendous grandeur, can the individual be except to himself as a transitory atom in infinity?

George Eliot said: "Consequences are unpitying," and so they are and must be since they are the inexorable sequence of causes governed by the immutable laws of nature which recognize no possibility of deviation. These same immutable laws are the force which has infallibly brought about and guided all development up to its highest form in the structure and working of the human brain; and in this brain perhaps the most wonderful phase of operations is unconscious cerebration, when the brain works by itself and without any deliberate or active exercise of will or concen-



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## Autumnal Forecast

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tration power to stimulate it to perform its functions.

I find now that it is an extraordinarily reliable calculating machine, and when I entrust problems to it, which I can not solve by the exercise of thought and will at the moment, it works them out and gives me the solution of its own accord, after an interval in which I have not bestowed a moment's conscious thought upon the subject in hand. In youth the difficulty usually seems to be to sustain the effort of will necessary to promote concentration. In mature age neither effort nor concentration is required, as the machine has worn down its bearings and runs smoothly without constant watching. This, at least, is my individual experience; but I am quite prepared to admit it may not be universal, or even general, and may vary with every different constitution and temperament.

I wish I knew what I ought to do to my *Lilium Giganteum*; whether anything should be done to those that have not flowered, or whether the one which has flowered should be disturbed and the new offsets, which should be found clustered

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## Garden Mosaics

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round the root, taken up and replanted, as Miss Jekyll seems to indicate.

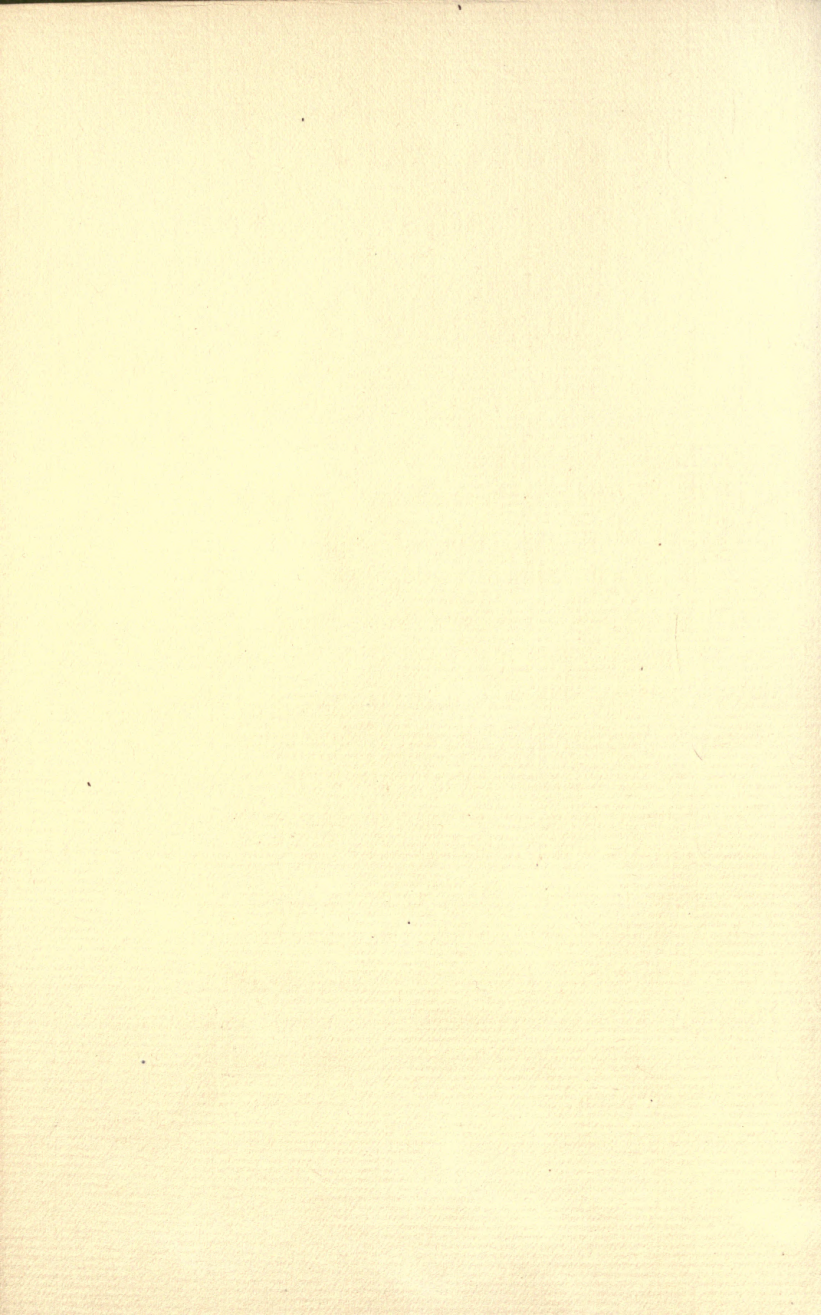
The goldenrod has been very showy in the garden and is a very handsome and graceful flower, most useful for cutting.

The azalea foliage is resplendent and many other leaves and berries betray the rapid advance of autumn.

Having been in Scotland lately, I brought back some ferns and plants of common heather, white heather, and bell heather, which I have had planted with a little of their own native peat in my apology for a rockery, where I hope they may thrive, although the conditions are so different from those by which they have hitherto been surrounded. In my host's garden in North Britain everything, except perhaps the roses, seemed to luxuriate in the rich, moist soil which rested upon a substratum of pure peat. How I wished I could transfer a whole trainload of it to my garden! When one jumped upon the garden path the oil vibrated for some distance round over its opulent and elastic bed.

Las hojas del arbol caidas  
Juguetes del viento son.  
Las ilusiones perdidas  
Ay! son hojas desprendidas  
Del arbol del corazón."

The leaves that fall from the trees  
Gay sport of the winds soon are,  
And illusions once lost  
Are the leaves that are tossed  
From the tree of the heart afar.



## CHAPTER XIX

### FALLING LEAVES



**L**F there were any doubts or illusions about it before, there can be no uncertainty now that autumn is advancing with rapid strides. The garden is strewn with dead leaves, all in their turn, and all efforts to keep the lawns tidy are unavailing, for ten minutes after they are swept showers of leaves bestrew them again. There are dead leaves and dead leaves, however, some being full of crisp brightness and activity, even though life has gone from them, whilst others look dark, dull, and sodden in their unlovely decay. The large white-heart cherry covers the ground with beautiful golden yellow. The beech and the elm set the lawn alive with crisp, dancing fairies, which skip, frisk, and circle as they romp all over its surface. But the ash and the walnut foreshadow dank desolation. Their leaves lie flat, helpless, and

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## Garden Mosaics

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heavy, heaped upon one another, and irresponsible to the kindly breezes which vainly seek to lure them into a final frolic. The walnut leaves present a horrible, black, and loathsome spectacle, like death and dissolution in their ugliest form.

Still, there is, or should be, nothing hopeless in the fall of the leaves, when one reflects that in detaching themselves from the twigs they are only making way for the fresh verdure which is to follow in the spring and the swelling of whose buds really loosens the hold of the old leaves, just as the new generation in the human community forces the older, worn out, and less adaptable members into the background. "Nothing perishes in order that it may cease to exist, but so that something else may exist in its stead."

The mildness of the weather seems to have developed the leaf-buds earlier than usual and these in their turn have forced off the old leaves. In the third week in November there were three nights of frost, up to the time when flowers were still in fair supply in the garden. There were *antirrhinum*, pinks, dahlias, roses, violets, chrysanthemums, some anemones, and belated pansies and larkspur.

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## Falling Leaves

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The last roses which really opened their petals were picked about the 15th, with the exception of a few "*Gloire de Dijon*," still to be seen on the south wall of the house, on the last day of the month.

The cherry and walnut shed their leaves before the mulberry, which did not, in its usual way, lead the van.

The general mild temperature and moisture of the season have brought up the early *Gladioluses*, the *Ixias*, and the Spanish *Irises*, all of which I am leaving in the ground to face the winter under the protection of a top-dressing of manure and straw. Some of the laurels and rhododendrons have thrown out new leaves, and the leaf-buds of the beech, lilac, and honeysuckle are much more advanced than they ought to be. The hedges about here are sprouting, and I have come across several patches of hawthorn clothed at the end of November with fresh green as in early spring. They surely must have mistaken the season, like one who wakes up soon after he has fallen asleep, thinking the dawn is approaching.

Among the flowers of the month I was almost

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## Garden Mosaics

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forgetting again to enumerate the one I am most proud of, the sweet-peas, which right up to the frost continued their grateful supply of gay and fragrant flowers. I do not count upon being able to keep them so late again, and attribute my success this year to the constant moisture and absence of strong sun throughout the summer. They have behaved most heroically, for I consider sustained effort to be the highest form of heroism.

How often, however, is real heroism misunderstood and disregarded, while its less solid relations, dash and pluck, are lauded and rewarded. There is often greater heroism to be found in private life than on the battle-field. If, as I am afraid sometimes occurs, a brave deed is done with the thought of self-glorification, I do not call it heroic, though it may involve pluck in a high degree, for to my mind heroism is above all self-sacrifice and thought for the welfare of others, and its sublimest height is reached where the sacrifice is made not in the excitement of the moment at the risk of life, but in the calm certainty of death without reward, like Jim Bludso, of whom Colonel John Hay said:



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## Falling Leaves

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He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,  
And went for it thar and then;  
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard  
On a man that died for men.

The truest and greatest heroes in life always seem to me the human omnibus-horses who go about their hard, toiling work day after day, with all the energy and good-will they can command, uncomplaining and unrewarded, even to the last, when they are worn out and the end comes.

There is said to be a pretty custom in Japan, and I hope it is no fiction, that every year a selection is made in various districts of the girl who has most distinguished herself in the practise of homely virtue and domestic abnegation, and the unsuspecting and modest heroine is then honored and requited.

In the present time and with us, self-advertisement is the prevailing custom, and publicity and notoriety-seeking are the bane of the age. Advertisement pervades all classes and all localities. Neither the private life of the individual nor the sanctity of the domestic hearth are free from it. The most powerful monarch, the most prominent

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## Garden Mosaics

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statesman, the greatest general, the most eminent man of science or letters are as dependent for their status on advertisement as are soap, pills, beer, or tobacco; and when the scale of advertisement is reduced, a falling off in popular estimation takes place in all cases alike, with the concomitant loss of influence over the public mind and pocket, an influence which is as necessary to successful statesmanship as to the prosperity of commercial enterprise. There seems to be less and less private life, no repose, no "recueillement." Society papers invade the sacred seclusion of the home and lay bare to the public gaze every confidential and personal detail of the life, actions, and occupations of their all too willing victims, who are portrayed in every conceivable garb. They may be seen in the public prints in their houses, in their gardens, and in their private studies and boudoirs; they may be seen engaged in the serious avocations of life; on their way to church, performing acts of charity, or at play. They may be seen reading, writing, shooting, bicycling, motoring, riding, or driving; toying with their dogs and horses, posed in graceful attitudes with their

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## Falling Leaves

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children, carrying out scientific demonstrations surrounded by physical or chemical apparatus, or executing some elaborate work of art.

It may serve a useful purpose to advertise births, deaths, and marriages; but the publication of lists of guests and the presents each one contributes can hardly be regarded as anything but arch-snobbery.

The only way I can discern to fit the craze for notoriety and advertisement into the economy of nature is to regard the almost fortuitous living of a life of continuous public exposure, less to oneself and more to the community, as a kind of necessary training of the individual to accustom himself to self-sacrifice in order that he may become the more fitted to act his part in the promotion of the interests and welfare of the race as a whole.

Having expressed the present state of my sentiments on advertisement, I will return to the garden. There is rather a dry sandy bed, sheltered from the north by a hedge, in which nothing has thriven very well. I have prepared the soil and have planted it with mixed Irises, which, I hope,

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## Garden Mosaics

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may do well and produce a succession of their lovely flowers. The ones I have put in are *I. anglica*, *florentina*, *pumila*, *alata*, *ochroleuca*, *pavonia major*, *persica*, and *stylosa*.

The temptation became so strong that I have been unable to leave the *Lilium giganteum* undisturbed. The bulbs and roots of the one that flowered look healthy, but there are no decided offsets strong enough for separation. One of those which have not flowered was also examined, and as the bulb seemed fresh and vigorous it was covered up again.

Yo que he visto mis flores marchitarse  
Al soplo abrasador del aquilon,  
Y mis sueños de dicha evaporarse,  
Y morir en mi pecho la ilusión.

Torres Caicedo.

I who have witnessed my flowers fade away  
At the burning breath of the cruel storm,  
And my dreams of bliss destroyed in a day,  
And illusions torn out from my breast still warm.



## CHAPTER XX

### THE GARDEN IN WINTER



THE winter has really come at length and bud and bloom are finally checked by the cold north wind. As if, however, to temper the withering breath of the weather, a beautiful soft and thick mantle of snow has been thrown over the earth, covering undulation and plain, tree and herb, with its fresh, white purity. It seems to me impossible to view without emotion the loveliness of the vegetation upon the first good fall of snow, and I feel thankful that in our country it never lies long enough to allow this feeling to become habitual and to lose the freshness and force with which it periodically recurs.

The trees, and especially the great elm, are once more exhibiting their beautiful tracery upon the sky, and the famished birds again approach nearer to the house in the hope of finding something

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## Garden Mosaics

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more than the berries, which are the only food now left to them. Nor shall they be disappointed, for besides a matutinal meal of crumbs, are there not a number of warmth-producing tallow candles and coconuts waiting in readiness to be hung up in the trees for their Christmas delectation?

There are virtually no more flowers but the yellow jasmine, and yet on the 8th of December I picked a good bunch of belated, half-open rosebuds, which look quite nice and refreshed in the warmth of the house, in water.

A terrible tragedy occurred in the first days of frost. A hungry robin forced his way through the meshes of the garden aviary in which lives a magpie who recently lost her mate. The poor robin in his search for food little thought what a dangerous expedition he had embarked upon; but the result of his rashness was that he was killed and eaten by his host!

The elms and the oaks parted with their leaves very slowly and unwillingly, in the same way that we gradually and reluctantly give up our illusions and as the winter of our life approaches find ourselves stripped of all the beautiful fancy foliage



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## The Garden in Winter

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which in our earlier seasons hung about us and was swayed to and fro by every breath of heaven, reflecting each ray of sunshine.

Happily, however, the illusions which were once realities and objects of ardent faith still linger in our bared branches in the glittering frost of poetry, and even though we may no longer be able to subscribe to the articles of faith or to accept the history of the Jews as the only infallible and sacred guides for our lives and conduct, we can still look upon the teachings of religion as the sublimest of all poetic conceptions and as the most elevating power for good over the imaginations of the human mind.

Is it possible to conceive a happier state than that of being firmly convinced of the reality of conditions which, although undemonstrated and imaginary, transcend the best and most delightful experiences of our lives? Can any belief be more blissful and consoling, in the midst of all the ills we are heirs to, than that we shall live again, and *forever*, as ourselves, preserving conscious individuality, in a glorified state, among surroundings of perfect harmony, joy, and peace? Can any

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## Garden Mosaics

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promise be more satisfactory and reassuring than that in our Father's house are many mansions and that we shall occupy one of them? And can any trust, gratitude, and love be greater than that which we feel as children for the supreme wisdom, power, tenderness, and benevolence of a Father?

Oh, the poetry of it all is too exquisite! And truly such a state of mind with its beneficent influence must be worth striving for as the acme of all that is desirable, even, perhaps, at the expense of strictly demonstrated truth. If we can instil these exalted conceptions and bring about their acceptance as truth, refining in life and comforting in death, should we not reverence and support the great organizations which have undertaken the performance of so excellent a task? And if we can abstract our minds from the amenities and troubles of life into a higher atmosphere of delectable, soothing poetry, as many of us can do by careful and persevering training, is it not worth doing in order to attain a continuation of the happy frame of mind of the child who dwells in an entrancing fairy world?

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## The Garden in Winter

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As we part with the illusions of our youth, so also do some of us find that we let go the illusions once cherished as to the positive foundation of the beliefs and dogmas of religion. In their place, however, we may have gained a more vivid sense and appreciation of the beauty and sublimity of its poetry; of the life and teachings of a moralist like Rabbi Joshua, etherealized in the expositions of the church which is founded upon his benevolent altruism; or of the pure pity and sympathy for human frailty and suffering which led Sid-dharta to the ascetic life and self-denying philosophy which have chastened the moral standard of countless millions of human beings for nearly twenty-five centuries past.

A poor old woman who came to me a long time ago in her distress at being given notice to quit her humble abode in default of the rent, expressed a reflection which has lived in my mind ever since as a beautiful specimen of the poetry of religion. "We are all tenants at will," she said, and she found consolation in this universal and humble conception before the Supreme Author of all being.

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## Garden Mosaics

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There is to me no poetry so elevating and soothing as some of the hymns, and I class in the same category such beautiful compositions as, for instance, the anthem written by Mr. Benson on our late lamented Queen:

She hath her heart's desire!  
She hath her joy!  
Joy that no time can tire,  
No care destroy. . . .

And, to give another instance, such lines as were written by his mother to the late Lord Dufferin, with the presentation of a lamp, on his twenty-first birthday:

At a most solemn pause we stand,  
From this day forth, for evermore,  
The weak but loving human hand  
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.  
Then, as thro' life thy footsteps stray  
And earthly beacons dimly shine,  
"Let there be light" upon thy way  
And holier guidance far than mine!  
"Let there be light" in thy clear soul,  
When passion tempts and doubts assail  
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,  
"Let there be light" that shall not fail!

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## The Garden in Winter

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So Angel guarded, may'st thou tread  
The narrow path which few may find  
And at the end look back, nor dread  
To count the vanished years behind!  
And pray that she, whose hand doth trace  
This heart-warm prayer—when life is past—  
May see and know thy blessed face,  
In God's own glorious light at last.

I have sometimes questioned to myself whether it is right to place before the undeveloped mind subject-matter which is and must remain undemonstrated and unproved, as the most solemn facts which can ever be presented to it, and I have felt that a heavy responsibility must be incurred in doing so. I have reflected whether it might not be better rather to train the mind into an appreciation of the poetical beauties of religion, as the highest ideal and the goal for the purest aspirations of the most refined temperaments, and as such to be held always before us and striven for with all the earnestness we can command. In such a case there would at least be no room for the revulsion of feeling, loss of restraint, and possible despair which is apt to ensue when the hitherto revered idols are

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## Garden Mosaics

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broken by the force of logical and scientific education.

I have arrived once more at the time of year when I began to pen these Mosaics. Vegetation is now quiescent and we must await the glories of new life in the spring. I will end the contemplations into which I have been led with a hymn which has haunted me with its beautiful conceptions for many years past and which returns to my thoughts with renewed force, as time goes on, again and again. It was given to me by an old friend who knew it by heart and told me it was composed by Horace Smith, entitled:

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS

Day stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshipers! who bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

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## The Garden in Winter

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Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty  
The floors of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that  
swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air  
Makes sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,  
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
In loneliest nook.

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## Garden Mosaics

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Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor  
    "Weep without woe and blush without a crime,"  
Oh, may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender  
    Your love sublime.

Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,  
    Arrayed, the lilies cry, in robes like ours.  
How vain your grandeur! Ah! how transitory  
    Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,  
    With which Thou paintedst Nature's wide-spread  
    hall,  
What a delightful lesson Thou impartedst  
    Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers, though made for  
    pleasure,  
    Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
    Harmless delight.

Ephemeral Sages! What instructors hoary  
    For such a world of thought could furnish scope,  
Each fading calyx a memento mori  
    And ground of hope.

Posthumous Glories! Angel-like collection!  
    Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
    And second birth.



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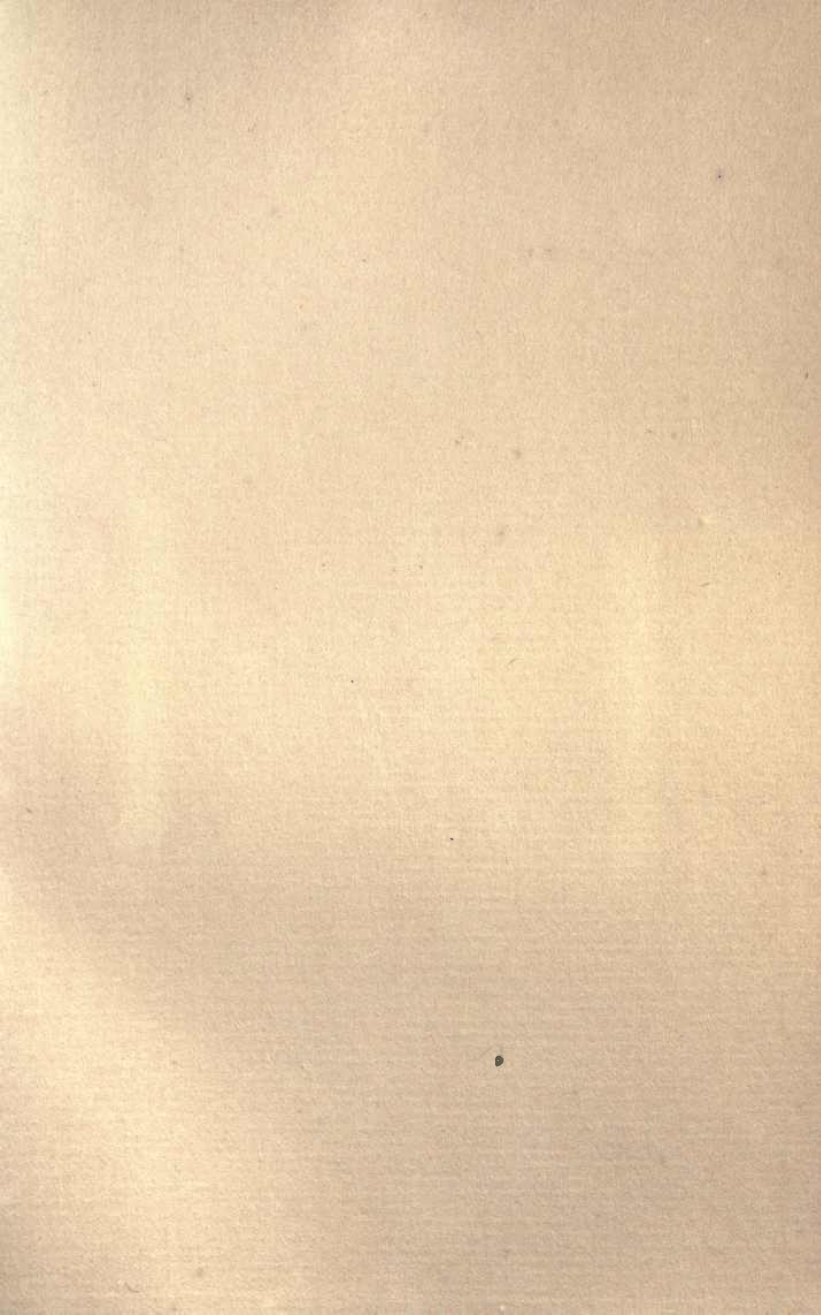
## The Garden in Winter

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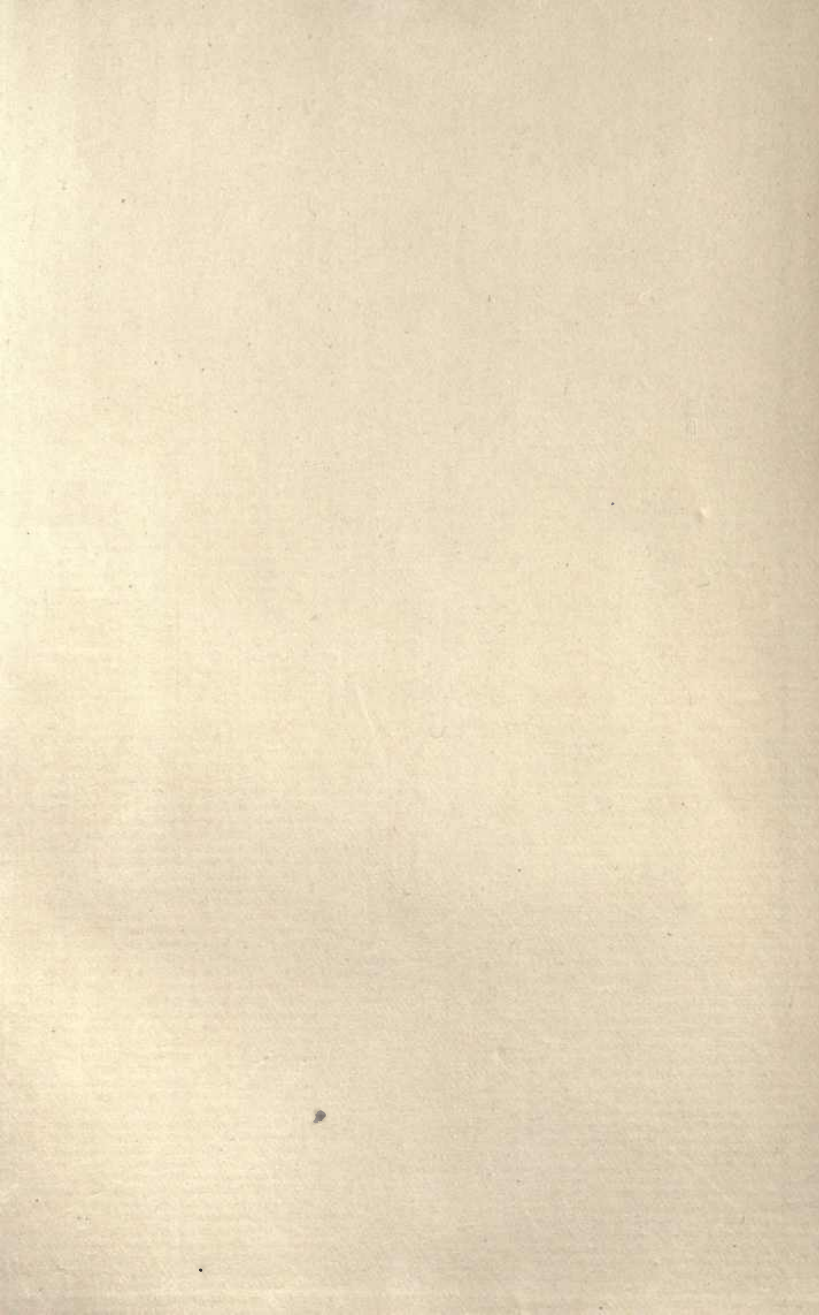
Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining  
Priests, sermons, shrines.

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